McKean County Miner.

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SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1908. — NO. 41

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Found

CONVICTED.

s Have Been Dis-
lered Riot Case
ed to the
er Term.

rm of criminal court
court house on Monday
o'clock, Judge Joseph W.
ing. The attendance was
day, it being expected that
ider murder case would be
ll as the Eldred riot case in
e Gospel Workers have had
prominent business and profes-
men of that place arrested.
G. Reis of Bradford, was appoint-
cause of the grand jury. Consi-
reports were received. The usual
ions and other preliminary matters
re attended to Monday afternoon.
Albert Kelley and David McIntyre,
both of Bradford, were brought before
the court for sentence was again de-
ferred in their cases until the next term
of court. Their bail is fixed at $1,000
each. These boys are charged with lar-
ceny and arson.
Harry Bostaton, Albert Hitchcock
and Sherman Bergman, who confessed
to attempt to rob a house at Tuna, were
allowed to go on suspended sentence,
giving bail in the sum of $500 each.
In the case of the Commonwealth vs.
Giovanni B. Papi, the defendant was
found guilty, as indicted, on the charge
of assault with intent to kill. Papi was
employed as a woodchopper by Con-
tractor Strano of Kane, and demanded
an account of money from his employer
which he had not earned. It was a sort
of Black Hand hold up and Strano re-
fused to give any money. Papi attacked
the man, murderously slashing his
throat and face. He then fled from the
scene of the attack. Strano was taken
to the Kane hospital and a friend sought
the assailant. By his excellent work as
an amateur detective the fugitive was
captured at DuBois and brought back to
Kane. Papi has boasted of his power-
ess as a money-getter and an all-around
bad man.
William Walker on a non-support
charge, was directed to pay his wife $3
per week and give bonds for the per-
formance of his obligations.
John Hannon was charged with non-
support, but his wife, the complainant,
failing to appear, he was discharged.
The grand jury in the case of Frank
Miller, charged with larceny, found not
a true bill and ordered the prosecutor to
pay the costs.
A peculiar case was disposed of here
yesterday and it came from Kane.
Proprietor Fleming of the new Thomp-
son House, in that borough, was com-
plainant and the defendant was Charles
Telebyear, alias Charles French. It
was a fornication case, the allegation
being made that Telebyear went to the
complainant's hotel some time ago and
with a woman who was represented to
be his wife, obtained lodging, the pair
duly registering as a married couple.
Subsequently Mr. Fleming discovered
that the couple were not married peo-
ple and the arrest of Telebyear followed.
The evidence interested quite a number
of court attendants and the verdict of
the jury was guilty.
Bill Patton and Charles Brown were
tried yesterday, the charge being ma-
licious mischief. Bill and Charles were
found guilty.
The robbery case against Kennedy
and Lannigan, in which the defendants
were charged with "rolling" a man at
Port Allegany, resulted in the convic-
tion of both.
Leonard Gates, a Bradford boy ac-
cused of taking a bicycle which did not
belong to him, was permitted to go on
a "nol pros" on account of his youth.
The grand jury, after hearing a num-
ber of witnesses brought in a true bill
in the case of Anna Peeler, the Brad-
ford young woman who is charged
with fatally shooting her lover, Roy
Warner. It is understood that this case
ll go over till December. It is also
that the case brought by the Holy
s against several Eldred men on
urge, will also go over till the

ious assault charge against
use failed to make good
endant is allowed to go on
nile J. C. Crawford, prosecu-
ered to pay the costs.
other bills have been returned
and jury, but the output thus
n few in number, owing to
h of time devoted to the Peeler

the case of Fred Morrison charged with adultery, a true bill was returned and the case continued till the December term.

A true bill was returned against William Carter, charged with assault.
The trial of Vionuence M eo, charged with felonious assault, is now on.
Michael Kelley pleaded guilty to gambling on fair grounds. His trial is now on.
The jury returned a verdict of not guilty in the case of W. W. Ketchell, tried for malicious mischief.

Kane Man Commits Suicide.

A dispatch from Kane Tuesday night to the Bradford Era says:
John Henry Tew, aged 50 years and a well known citizen of this borough committed suicide by hanging himself at his home about 6 o'clock this evening. When he failed to appear at the supper table a search was instituted and Carl Tew, the oldest son, found the body of his father dangling from a rafter in the attic. A small window rope had been used in the commission of the self destruction.
The body was cut down and Coroner Sherman was notified. He will visit Kane to-morrow and investigate the case.
Members of the family are unable to ascribe a motive for the suicide. While Mr. Tew's health had not been the best of late, he being a suffer from catarrh, he had not complained of that affliction.
Deceased came to Kane with his family from Rew City 18 years ago. While a resident of Rew Mr. Tew was employed on a lease of G. W. Scofield of Bradford. He was well and favorably known throughout the Bradford oil field.
For the past several years Mr. Tew had been engaged as a drayman in this city.
Three years ago he was elected a Councilman from the First ward of the borough and was considered one of the best informed members of the municipal government.
Deceased is survived by his widow, and seven children as follows: Carl H., Mrs. Daisy Ware, Percy H., Miss Sa[illegible] Anna, Nellie L., John B. and Geo. W. Tew, all of Kane. He also leaves one brother George J. Tew of Hamilton, N. Y.; three sisters, Mrs. John Hyland and Mrs. Thomas Price of Lebanon, N. Y.; Mrs. Frank Brown of West Eaton, N. Y. He also leaves his aged father, John Tew of Georgetown, N. Y.

The Charity Ball.

The dance given at the Lyceum Tuesday evening for the benefit of a worthy gentleman who has met with misfortune, was a great success in every way.
About a week ago several of our prominent townsmen decided that a Charity Ball should be given for the benefit of P. E. Abbey, a lifelong resident of this borough who was stricken with paralysis last winter, and thereupon set about making preparations for the event.
Manager John Clark offered the use of the Lyceum free of charge and Chadwick's orchestra donated its services to the worthy cause. About 200 invitations and tickets were sent out, with the request that the recipients leave a dollar at either of the banks or at McCoy's or Wells' drug store. The people of this borough and vicinity recognizing the cause to be worthy responded liberally, many giving much more than the dollar requested, and when the final count was made it was found that $260 had been netted for this unfortunate gentleman.
The dance was perhaps the largest of the kind ever held in this place. Over 125 couple were in attendance and enjoyed themselves at cards and dancing until a late hour. The committee in charge have the hearty congratulations of the members of the afflicted family and their many friends.

Shot in the Legs.

While hunting crows Tuesday, 14-year-old Thomas Huston, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Huston, had the misfortune to receive a bullet wound in the thighs of both legs from a 22 calibre rifle.
It appears that the Huston lad in company with Floyd McCandles aged about 12 years, were watching the flight of a crow, the latter handling the gun, when it was accidently discharged with the above result. The bullet passed through the flesh of one leg, and almost through that of the other, where it was located by the surgeon and extracted.
The wounded boy is getting along all right. But his mishap should serve as a warning to boys to be more careful in the handling of firearms. The hunting season has just opened, and while hunting is greatly enjoyed by most boys, they should remember that guns are dangerous, and that while a wound of the above nature is not a particularly serious matter, the bullet might as easily have ploughed its way through the boy's head, and then we would have had a terrible story.—Mr. Jewett Herald.

For Sale.

A good harmonless shotgun. For particulars inquire of
E. W. Worsley.

To let—eight room house, furnished or unfurnished. Mrs. M. A. Knapp, King street. 2t

Potter County Pioneer Dead.

John Miller Rees, aged 81 years, died at his home in Costello on Sept. 29th, 1908. He and his wife had just returned from a visit with their daughter at Port Allegany and had been home but three hours when he received the summons which called his spirit home.
He leaves to mourn his sudden demise a widow and seven children and many other relatives and friends. His children are: Rosie Tuttle of Virginia; Christopher of Coudersport; Vina of Port Allegany; Wm. Miller, Allen, Alvin and Bird, the four latter living near Costello, and Jane, who died several years ago. He was a loving father, a kind neighbor and friend. Mr. Rees had held many offices of trust, among which were justice of the peace and deacon of the church. He was liberal in his contributions to every good cause and was always for advancement. Besides his one hundred acre farm he made in his youth, he purchased seven hundred acres more in his later years for his family.
The deceased was one of the early pioneers of Potter county, who in 1830 settled near the headwaters of the Sinnemahoning. They were eleven in number, the father, mother and nine children. They came overland in an emigrant wagon from Philadelphia by way of the State road, through a dense forest and finished the latter part of their journey by canoe, laying out their course by blazing trees. They took up a large tract of land, selling at one dollar per acre, built a saw mill at the south branch of the Sinnemahoning, sawed their lumber, built a log house, a school house, also used for a church, and a blacksmith shop and proceeded to clear up the forest. The nearest market was 24 miles distant and was reached only by foot paths, marked by blazed trees, or by canoe. They were persevering and industrious and success crowned their labor.
Eli Rees, a brother of the deceased, built the first court house in Coudersport and was a resident of that town. His sons also resided there for many years, his eldest son, Orlando, being the burgess of that town up to the time of his demise.
The little party of emigrants now have all passed away. They rest from their labors and their works do follow them. The Rees family descendants number over three hundred scattered from north to south and east to west over the United States.

Fire Engine Presented to Borough.

The fire engine mentioned in last week's issue was formally presented to and accepted by this borough at the meeting of the council Monday evening. The conditions are that it will be properly kept and maintained at the cost of the borough, the said borough furnishing all necessary apparatus to keep it in first class working order.
The borough in turn is to turn it over to the use of the Smethport Fire Department, and at the meeting the following resolutions were adopted:
Whereas, the following property owners of the borough of Smethport, to-wit: Hon. Henry Hamlin, Hon. Jas. A. McKean, Hon. T. A. Morrison, Mr. D. C. Young, Mr. John Forrest, Mr. S. F. Redfield, Mr. R. H. Redfield, Mr. Chas. McKean, the Smethport Glass Company, the Berney-Bond Bottle Company and the Messrs. J. P. Devlin, J. A. Peterson and Geo. Griffiths, as Commissioners of the County of McKean, have purchased a new Fire engine and propose to give same to said Smethport borough, and
Whereas, the officers and members of Smethport Hose Company Number 1, are mindful of the confidence imposed in them at all times by the citizens of this borough, now, therefore, be it
Resolved, that Smethport Hose Company, Number 1, tenders a vote of thanks to the above named property owners of Smethport borough for this renewed evidence of appreciation of the efforts of this organization and assures the donors that the engine will receive proper care and usage so far as within the power of this Hose Company lies, and be it further,
Resolved, that these Resolutions do be spread in full on the minutes of the Smethport Hose Company and that copies be furnished the local newspapers for publication.
Extract from minutes Smethport Hose Co., regular meeting Oct. 2, 1908.
Attest:
F. H. Hungiville,
Secretary.

Republican Mass Meeting.

A Republican mass meeting will be held Tuesday evening, October 13th, at 8 o'clock in Exchange Lyceum, Bradford. Hon. J. Hampton Moore of Phil. adelphia, F. E. Baldwin, candidate for State Senator from this district, Rev. D. E. Murray of Perry county, and other speakers will address the voters of McKean county on the issues of the campaign.
F. D. Gallup
Chairman Republican County Com.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Brandvein.

The Political Situation.

The Bradford Sunday Herald, which has always had a tendency to support the Democratic candidates for office in this county, makes the following frank statement in relation to the political situation in this county:
"People in this vicinity are taking quite an interest in politics and the political pot is beginning to simmer. Last week a Herald representative canvassed the county for the purpose of finding out the situation among the people throughout the county.
"In a number of places there was some Bryan sentiment, but even those who expressed their intention of voting for the Commissioner were going to support the Republican ticket with this exception. All seemed to be interested in the controversy of the big leaders, but they did not question for a minute the balance of the ticket. With perhaps the exception of the head of the ticket all Republicans who were interviewed said they would vote the straight ticket.
"The Democrats nearly all are willing to vote for Bryan, but many of them stated that they would support McKean and Habgood for the legislature because they had been so vigilant in their efforts in behalf of the interests of McKean county. Nearly all the oil producers are for their support on account of the bill securing protection from the railroads in the forest fire regions. The farmers were likewise pleased with their work at the last legislature. The record of these two men are their strength regardless of party.
"Frank Baldwin, who made such a good run in this county during the nomination will surprise the people with his vote in McKean. He formerly lived at Duke Centre, and has many friends in this section who will support him without regard to their party affiliations.
"The people seem to be satisfied with Barclay as a congressman, particularly the old veterans of whom he is an associate. Men who had business with Mr. Barclay say he has been zealous in attending to matters at Washington.
"The strongest man on the Democratic ticket is Tom Fennerty, but a number of men versed in politics stated to a Herald representative that the comrade would not make as strong a run against Morrison as he did against Mitchell and as this is a presidential year they did not think that he could possibly be elected. Morrison is a different candidate from Mitchell. He has never held an elective office except one term of clerk of the courts and is a quiet, congenial fellow who makes friends wherever he goes. He is a good fellow and well liked by all who know him. His experience as deputy sheriff makes him particularly fitted for the office to which he aspires.
"Robert Hilton is the next strongest man on the Democratic ticket. He is well liked by many who regret that they will not be able to vote for him, but in view of the excellent work of McKean and Habgood, who are considered by men living in the rural districts as the best representatives this county ever had, they will receive the support of nearly all the Republicans and a large portion of the Democrats. They feel that the present representatives are a power in Harrisburg and can procure appropriations and laws which will benefit this county, while if Hilton was elected, although his intentions may be good, he can do nothing.
"Above are the reasons that the citizens of the county gave to a Herald representative for supporting the Republican ticket and of the large number interviewed all agreed that it was the strongest ticket that the local Republicans ever put before the people."

Gorton's Minstrels.

Mirth, music and all that goes toward making a jolly minstrel performance are the characteristic features of the bill Gorton's Minstrels will offer to the patrons of the Lyceum next Monday evening.
In selecting Welby and Lee to lead this merry company of fun makers a wise move was made in that this duo is recognized from coast to coast as top liners in the art of creating merriment. To create fun of the most hilarious kind seems to be their natural inheritance which they deal out in generous quantities.
Octave Callouette in sensational feats of balancing and unicycle riding on the slack wire, and Lewis and Willis, comedy acrobats, with original and amusing knock-about stunts, are also strong features of an entertaining program.
Gorton's Challenge Band, said to be the finest musical organization ever carried with a minstrel company, will give free open air concerts at noon and 7 p. m. Lovers of fine music are especially invited to hear this band.

Fall Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.
16tf Miss. Carrie Clark.

DeWitt's Little Early Early Risers are small pills, easy to take, gentle and sure. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

"Bill" and "Bill" Dine Together.

A dispatch from Chicago last night says: William Howard Taft and William Jennings Bryan, with only President Richard C. Hall of the Chicago Association of Commerce between them were the guests of Chicago to-night.
They clasped hands and each said to the other, "Hello, Bill," and parted, each wishing the other as happy a defeat as circumstances would permit.
The meeting of the two candidates for the Presidency was an unique event in political history. It was a demonstration that in their efforts to corner the commerce of the world, and in their determination to have the Lakes to the Gulf Deep Waterway project become an accomplished fact, the Chicago business men have a broad taste in politics.
"When I first began to run for the Presidency," said Mr. Bryan, with an air that provoked much laughter, "there were no occasions of this kind."
"I have only begun to run for the Presidency," replied Mr. Taft, "and I am glad I did begin when the political animosities are better understood than when Mr. Bryan got his start."
That was only one of a series of courtesies exchanged by the candidates. Mr. Bryan complimented Mr. Taft on his high character, "and these are my sentiments, too," was the response of Mr. Taft, or words to that effect.
But notwithstanding those exchanges of pleasantries there was an underlying seriousness in the speeches made by both men to the same audience. Both evoked much enthusiasm among the 1,400 distinguished men who were present.

Mortgaging the Presidency.

As the campaign progresses, Mr. Bryan continues to demonstrate his peculiar conceptions of the presidential office. In previous canvasses, and by his innumerable devices for attracting attention to himself and his ambitions between times, he has done more than any man who ever lived to cheapen the high place to which he aspires. But now we find that he also has a fortified view of that position. In the statement issued by him on Thursday touching campaign contributions, he deliberately advances the theory that Judge Taft would mortgage the presidency, apportioning favors appointments and benefits, according to the size of subscriptions to his campaign fund.
Now it is not to be believed for a moment that Mr. Bryan, considering Judge Taft as a private citizen, would accuse him of selling his principles, his conscience and his judgment. With all his fascination, Mr. Bryan would not go as far as that. Yet that is precisely what he charges against Judge Taft as the candidate of a great party for President of the United States. He would have the people believe that, as is there is advance publications of contributions, the White House is bound to be given over to money changers and that the man selected by his fellow citizens as the head of the nation will become a broker in offices, privileges and immunities, basing action upon the schedule of payments made to the party war chest.
This is a scandalous view of the presidency and one which the mass of the public will be slow to believe. Is it possible that Mr. Bryan's theory is based upon his own purpose in case he should win this third battle? Certainly it looks that way. If not, why the announcements made early in the campaign that Mr. Bryan would not rest content to read the proposed published list of contributors to his national committee, but that he intended also to scrutinize the names and amounts in the lists of the various state committees, so that he would know who's who in the Democratic party throughout the land? That would be about his speed, judging from his latest assault on Judge Taft. A mountebank will stop at nothing.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

"A Trip to India."

The delightfully funny musical relish "A Trip to India" will be presented October 16th at the Lyceum by the Herald Square Opera company. This will be the first time that this pleasing song play has ever been seen and heard in Smethport and as the engagement is limited to one night, local patrons of light opera should not miss it. Several singers and dancers of national fame are in the cast and the principles are supported by chorus of exceedingly pretty and shapely girls whose singing is a distinct musical treat. The show is said to be staged with a lavishness that is little short of extravagant, the gorgeous costumes and elaborate scenic effect representing an outlay well along into the thousands of dollars.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve is recommended as the best thing to use for piles. It is, of course, good for anything where a salve is needed. Beware of imitations. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm implements. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the Miner.

Labor Afraid of Bryan.

A Washington dispatch to the New York Tribune says:
Several conferences President Roosevelt has had lately with important labor leaders show that Bryan has no real right to think that he will get any more labor votes than he has in past campaigns. The feeling among workingmen throughout the country is fast becoming one of fright at any possibility that Bryan may be elected, and the consequence is that the labor vote is falling in behind the Republican nominee with a unanimity that is highly gratifying to the friends of Mr. Taft.
Ever since he became President Mr. Roosevelt has been on particularly friendly terms with the great organizations of railroad men and has enjoyed the friendship and esteem of the railroad workers to an unusual degree. It began when he was elected an honorary member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, at Chattanooga, nearly seven years ago, and continued with a number of recognitions by him, of the intellect of the men at the head of these organizations. He appointed E. E. Clark, grand chief of the Order of Railway Conductors, as a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and Mr. Clark is still a member, doing good work. The President has never taken a trip away from Washington without stopping to shake the hands of train crews before leaving his car.
Labor leaders who know of the President's deep interest in Mr. Taft have been writing to him from all parts of the country offering their assistance to bring the labor vote into line and declaring that labor's interests were not with Bryan. The President has been much pleased with these letters, the majority of which have come from railroad men. To-day the President had conferences with C. H. Morrissey, grand chief of the Railway Trainmen and with Daniel Keefe, head of the Longshoremen's Union. Mr. Keefe is also sixth vice-president of the American Federation of Labor. A day or so ago the President conferred with Warren Stone, grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. All these men represent a high type of the workingmen of the country. Thousands of railroad employes and longshoremen are put out of employment with hard times and general lack of confidence. The fear is widespread almost of the place that the election of Bryan would result in further curtailment of expenditures by the railroads and shipping interests, with the probability that those remaining at work would have their wages reduced. The railroads have been contemplating such action this fall and have postponed doing anything in that direction because of the hope that the result of the election would restore confidence and start up business in every direction. The fear of Bryan's success has been spreading throughout the labor organizations, and it was said to-day that this one thing is giving President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, more uneasiness than any other feature of his effort to turn labor to Bryan.
Many labor leaders do not care to go to Republican headquarters in New York for conferences, and their preference is to talk confidentially with the President and let him know how they feel. It is affirmed by authorities to-day that the President is especially pleased with the information he has been receiving personally and by letter as to the outlook among the workingmen.

More Than Pleased With the Results.

The opening days at the big store of Bell Brothers, Olean, N. Y., pleased the eyes of thousands of customers. Not only were the crowds very large but the buying exceeded any similar event in its history. All apartments being fully equipped for business as never before, the firm anticipates a large fall trade.
Bell Brothers have received many compliments for their new ready-to-wear department. It is truly a large and beautifully arranged room. The furniture is all finished in Early English and the fixtures and appointments make it the most attractive suit department in southwestern New York.
Over 200 ladies' and misses' tailor made suits are being shown this week and the selection is very choice.
A very cordial invitation is extended to all of the patrons of this big store as well as the public in general to do their trading at Bell Brothers, Olean, N. Y.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Oct. 3, 1908:
J. J. Bailey, Dan Cooper, Ed. Decker, A. W. Freeman, Iza Lovell, Grant Mattison (2), Will Mahaffy, Mrs. Alex Reed, A. C. Stadel, E. W. Smith.
Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.
J. C. Gallup,
Postmaster.

For Sale.

Lumber and lath. I will sell good sound hemlock lumber, cut from live timber. In length from 8 to 18 feet 1 and 2 in., all breadths at $16 per thousand, lath at $3.50 per thousand. At my mill on Cole Creek, Farmers Valley, Pa. Charles L. Palmer.

Bound to Make Somebody.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

Copyright, 1903, by Frank H. Sweet.

"LADY, what you call-a-dis?"

The lady's eyes were raised haughtily from the book she was reading. But as they became focused upon the strange figure before her they acquired a momentary interest.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Dis," and the boy leaned eagerly over her chair, without removing his dirty finger from the picture which he held up for her inspection.

She drew back with a slight frown. But it was only momentary and was succeeded by a quiet look of amusement.

"It is an elephant," she answered. "Have you never seen one?"

"Dey ain't live in my country, no. I t'ink dey is Amerika."

"Oh, no; they are not Americans," she said, smiling. "They belong to a warm climate. You have not been over long, I suppose?"

"I t'ink it be t'ree—what you call him—month's," the boy replied doubtfully.

"What made you come to this out of the way place?" she asked, after a moment's silence. "Surely there is no work here for your father and mother."

Instantly the merry smile disappeared, and his face became grave and thoughtful.

"De fader an' moder die on de vessel with de fever," he said slowly, with an awed look in his blue eyes. "I haf two t'ree dollar, an' I no like stay in de big New York with the boarders an' sisters. It be bad place for small boarder. We come on de boat till de money he gone, den we walk an' walk till de big woods be tired. Den we stop."

The lady had meanwhile closely observed the boy's appearance, from his tousled yellow hair to his bare feet, noting the expression of honest intelligence.

"You're the oldest?" she asked.

"I be de oldest boy," he replied gravely. "I t'ink we five here. It be nice place for summer. I see. It make me feel-a good to look on de water. Dey no like it in my country, no. I t'ink dey is 'fraid."

"How many are there?" she asked, and how to get assurance to get money? What do you do?"

"Dere be two boarders an' two sisters," he replied, with the smile returning to his face, "an' dey all be more little as me. An' we get along fuss-rate. We find de eggs and de crabs an' de fresh, an' sell to de people."

"IT IS AN ELEPHANT," SHE ANSWERED.

Yes, an' de sisters do sell flowers. We haf some room in a barn, an' it not costa much to live in summer."

"So you catch crabs and fish. I am very fond of them. What are crabs worth?"

"Ff cent," eagerly.

"Well, suppose you bring me a dozen tomorrow to Mrs. Roper, at the Stone house on the hill."

She watched him as he went briskly down the beach and across to the narrow slit of wharf where there were several men fishing. Here he evidently found a job, for she saw a man give him a rod and a fish basket and point across to one of the hotels. Then she opened the book and soon lost herself in its contents.

But hers were not the only eyes that had glanced curiously at the gay figure of the boy. He was a bright dash of color for the dull background of these quiet New England streets, and there was artist enough in the hearts of the onlookers to be pleased with the innovation. Time and time his jacket had been brave with bright colors and gay buttons, but time and the sun and the rain had been at work, and now it was an uncertain mixture of dull greens and yellows, and the buttons had all disappeared. But his trousers had fared better. Perhaps the plant which had furnished the coloring material had more vitality or the dyer had been more conscientious in his work. At any rate, their dimmed glory had been scarcely dimmed by the vicissitudes they had been through. They reached only as far as his knees—below that was the firm, brown skin—but they and the saucy little head covering which was neither hat nor cap soon became the envy of the small boys of Seaview.

Originally Seaview had been a small settlement which had furnished the surrounding farmers with the few necessary things they could not raise. But one day an artist stroller wandered in and did the place the honor to be pleased. After that came a gradual transformation. A dozen or more cottages took possession of the more picturesque points, and here and there a hotel rose to meet the wants of those who could not own cottages. It had the reputation of being very exclusive.

When the group of strangely dressed children came into town there were many who gazed at them with suspicion. But as the days and weeks went by and nothing was missed the distrust gradually gave place to idle curiosity. A few even showed some friendly interest. The children were neither beggars nor thieves; that much was now conceded by all. At present they seemed perfectly able to take care of themselves. When cold weather arrived it would be time enough to take some action in the matter.

Every day they could be seen on the beach, along the banks of the river, on the wharf, catching crabs, digging clams and fishing. Even the tiny little fellow in picturesque kirtle spent most of his time in racing up and down the beach with crab net and basket. Every morning the girls went back into the fields after wild flowers or over to the shallow lake after pond lilies. And as the days went by and the people became more familiar with their bright faces and eager ways they grew more liberal in their patronage. The signs of prosperity began to show in the disappearance of the showy rags and the substitution of such garments as were worn by the village children. The transformation began with the little fellow in the kirtle and extended by slow degrees to the girls and the other small boy.

The oldest boy still wore the tailor jacket and red trousers. He was here and there and everywhere, working, selling, asking questions, making notes and finding his new knowledge home to the children.

A few days later Mrs. Roper stood at the window of the cottage she had taken for the season when a knock called her to the kitchen door with a basket of crabs.

"Say, boy," she called across the garden, "how much?"

The basket was quickly set upon the ground, and he hurried across to the piazza.

"You haven't told me your name yet," she suggested.

"Name Paoli, ladies an' gran'mudder's name before me."

"Well, Paoli, I want you to tell your sister to bring me a little basket of pond lilies tomorrow. How old are you, Paoli?"

"I gotta birfday. I t'ink I pretty old. I seen a good many t'ings. How old you s'pose I be?"

"I should say about fourteen or fifteen."

"Den I t'ink I beat dat old boat fo'teen or fifteen. You have some crab tomorrow?"

"Yes, and may bring more a few, dear, oh, Paoli, what is the matter with your hands?"

The boy laughed and held up his hands complacently.

"I wash dem, scrub, scrub, scrub! an' I make de boarders an' sisters wash an', we clean de room an' fix up t'ings. I see dat Amerika peoples no had dirt like peoples in home country. We Amerika peoples now." Then a sudden sparkle came into his eyes. "De school begin next mont', an' I hab de boarders an' sisters to go. I got dem all dress up nice like Amerika peoples. I t'ink dey make somebody."

"But why don't you get some American clothes and go to school yourself, Paoli?"

The boy's face became grave.

"I like to, but no ready yet. Dese t'ings—dey coming, an' de fader"—the ready smile returning to his face—"he ready smile returning to his face—"he ready to look out for de little ones. When dey go to school somebody haf to make de money. Maybe I go some time."

The next day Mrs. Roper was again on the piazza when she saw him coming up the path. This time he had no basket, and there was no smile on his face. Instead of going round to the kitchen he came directly up the piazza steps.

"What is it?" she asked kindly.

"Dis." And he took from somewhere his precious pair of small opera glasses.

"My glasses!" she exclaimed in surprise. "I had not even missed them. Where did you find them?"

"My boarder stole dem."

"What?"

"Stole dem," he repeated gravely. "He come with crabs one day an' see dem on de table an' take dem. He mean to sell, but get 'feare an' tell de sisters. Dey tell me."

"But what did he want to sell them for? Did he need the money?"

The boy flushed and hesitated a little before answering.

"He—he tell de sisters dat he buy clothes for Paoli so 'all go school together. He verra small boy," apologetically.

"Yes, I know he is."

Paoli looked at her anxiously.

"He must be punish," he said in a troubled voice, "an' I like for you to help me. He be good boy an' smar-rt an' I t'ink make somebody some time if he no get sad. He musta be punish for lesson."

"But how am I to help you?"

"You keep tell me fake crabs an' pick up leaves an' t'ings. S'pose you let Luigi do it. He like dat kind work. He love catch fish an' crabs an' t'ings like dat. Mebbe it take him two, t'ree week, an' you musta pay him not'ing—not'ing!" emphatically.

She looked surprised.

"I do not wish any one to work for me without pay."

"He stole glass, you make him work. Dat all right, an' be lesson for him. He willing. I had long talk with him dis morning, an' he verra, verra sorry an' say he do it no more. But he must be punish."

"Very well, if you think it is best. But you must not be too hard with him, Paoli. He is such a bright little fellow."

As he was going down the steps she called him back.

"What are you going to do this winter, Paoli?"

"Catch feesh an' clams an' t'ings," he replied, the gravity not yet gone from his face.

"But you cannot live in that barn all winter. You would freeze."

"We no need live dere," he said eagerly. "We get fine place soon—I-know. De bazaar-r man go off in de winter, an' he say we haf his place for two dollar a mont'—t'ree room an' stove

MY LITTLE STOLEN

an' chair for bed, an' we not dere all de winter. You would freeze."

"That will be nice. Now, I have been thinking of a plan, Paoli, that may help you to help others. When I came here this spring I found that one of my shutters had become loose and a window was broken. The rain and snow had driven in and spoiled a carpet and some furniture. The whole I wish to have some one in charge. I shall write him to-night. You must be at least men to work and see that the shutters and windows are secure and everything is right. Several of my neighbors feel about their cottages as I do mine. Now, you could look after them all, Paoli, and still have most of your time for other things. We will pay altogether, say, $15 a month. Would that be satisfactory?"

Paoli did not answer for a moment, but his eyes were shining. Then:

"T'reen dollar a mont'. Dat will pay for all t'ings, an' we all go to school together. It be grand!"

Poisonous Baby Coaches.

"In buying this first coach," said the physician, "be sure, madam, to get a nonpoisonous one."

The young and pretty mother gave a cry of fear.

"Gracious me!" she said. "Is there poison in baby coaches?"

"There is sometimes," the physician asserted. "Only last August I was suddenly summoned to Ocean Grove. The little first-born of a popular evangelist was very low. The child died. The coach was the cause of his death.

"It was a new coach, and while riding in it on the romantic shores of Fletcher lake the baby sucked vigorously the beautiful bright green strap connecting it to its seat. That strap had been painted with a paint heavy with arsenic, and a few hours after the arrival the babe passed away, a victim of a poisonous baby coach.

"So, madam, insist on a coach decorated with pure and harmless vegetable decorations. Examine the article as though you were a food inspector."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Man Who Shaved Him.

The man of learning strolled into his club at about 11 a. m.

"It's a strange thing," he told the members present, "but I was shaved this morning by a man who really is, I suppose, a little above the ordinary barber. I know, for instance, that he took a double first class at Oxford, that he studied at Heidelberg afterward and spent several years in other foreign educational centers. He has also contributed scientific articles to our best magazines and has numbered among his intimate friends men of the highest social standing. And yet," exclaimed the savant, "he can't shave a man decently!"

"By Jove!" exclaimed the younger members in astonishment. "How with all those accomplishments, what is he a barber for?"

"Oh, he isn't a barber!" said the bookworm, sniffing. "I shaved myself this morning!"—London Tatler.

Pineules for the Kidneys, 30 days' trial $1.00. Hundreds of people testify to the merit of this preparation in the relief of kidney trouble, rheumatism, lumbago, backache. Pineules act directly on the kidneys, purify the blood and make you feel like a new person. They tone the system. Sold by C. A. Anderson, Colegrove and Palace Pharmacy, Smethport.

CROPS GROW WITHOUT RAIN.

How the Syrian Peasant Makes Use of the Moist Subsoil.

In Syria and Palestine from the beginning of April until October there is practically no rain, yet in July the fields form with a vigorous growth of watermelons, tomatoes, cucumbers, etc., all flourishing without artificial watering, although at that time no rain has fallen for many weeks.

In fact, the Syrian peasant from the moment his seed has been sown prays that no rain may fall. During the period of growth of a crop the surface of the soil to a depth of six or eight inches is perfectly dry and loose. Below this surface layer will be found moist soil, in which the roots extend and grow vigorously. In this moist subsoil plants continue to grow until late autumn. When the crop is removed in the autumn the rains commence, and the land is plowed after each heavy rain as soon as the soil begins to dry.

Two primary objects are kept in view in plowing—to furnish a favorable surface for taking up all the water and to prevent its upward evaporation from the subsoil. The great point is to keep the upper six inches of soil perfectly loose and friable, so that the moisture from below is not drawn upward and lost in evaporation, but does not ascend higher than the compact subsoil that is not broken up by the plow. For this reason the plowing is shallow, averaging from four to six inches in depth.

When the time for sowing the seed arrives the land is plowed to a depth of about six inches and the seed is sown from an arrangement attached to the plow, falls on the damp subsoil and is covered by the soil closing over behind the plowshare. From this time the upper stratum of loose soil prevents the escape of moisture upward beyond the wet subsoil on which the seeds rest and into which their roots after the process of germination spread.—Chicago Tribune.

MEXICO'S SIGN LANGUAGE.

Gestures With a Meaning Understood by Every Tribe.

Mexico is a land of many tongues, but above the babel of Indian and Spanish there is one universal language, the language of signs. It is the most expressive of all. The Mexican is a child in his use of gesture. It is capable of infinite variation. Its subtleties are inconceivable to a Northern race. But there are certain gestures of a fixed meaning, a sign-language well understood by every half-breed Tarahumare from Guatemala to Texas.

A sweep upward movement of the hand, the forefinger and thumb pointed, the second and third joints somewhat curved, means "I don't know and I don't care" to a great degree. Another "Really, sir, I do not understand you."

The forefinger pointed rapidly sideways, accompanied by the shaking of the head, generally means "No." To throw the right hand palm outward from the body toward a fellow person means "Just wait; I'll be even with you yet."

The index finger of the hand pointed toward the ear means "I'm all ears." The clenched hand held to the lips, fingers doubled, thumb and little finger erect, means "Have one drink." To "have one with you" the little finger is crooked in imitation of a razor has reference to the idiom "playing the barber"—and means "I'll flatter."

All four fingers and the thumb held points together and moved toward the mouth means "to eat."

The right hand held before the face, the two middle fingers moving rapidly, is a familiar salutation.—"Modern Mexico."

The Helpmate.

The author's young wife burst in on him joyously.

"Oh, Milt," she cried, "I know now why the magazine has returned all your stories."

Milton Wiskar seemed to see light.

"Why is it?" he demanded, with hopeful eagerness.

"It is because you have always inclosed stamps," said the young woman. "Haven't you ever read the notice on the editorial page which says that no MSS. are returned unless stamps are inclosed.—New York Press.

Idyllic Situation.

"They are such ideal chains seemingly."

"Yes, and thereby hangs a tale, a romance in real life. They fell in love at first sight and were married right away, and for awhile it looked as if there would be no more to the story. But in time their love ripened into friendship—think of it!—and now they are what you see."—Puck.

In Venice.

"Yes," remarked Mrs. Malaprop-Partington, "we had a lovely time in Venice. There are no cabs there, you know, because the streets are all full of water. One hires a chandelier and he rows you about in a dongola."

Presence of Mind.

Few possess the quickness of thought and action characteristic of the costermonger's wife, who exclaimed, "She said I wasn't a lofdy, she did, and the next minute I 'ad 'er 'ead in the gutter."

Hardened.

Tom—I'm going to ask your father tonight for your hand. Toss. But you don't seem to be a bit nervous, Tom—No. I've been both a life insurance agent and a book canvasser. Pick-Me-Up.

If you are a sufferer from that most distressing affliction, piles, and have tried many remedies without being benefitted we can safely say that ManZan Pile Remedy will bring relief with the first application. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

A HINDOO'S TOILET.

Curious Morning Scene in an East Indian Compound.

All over the compound, from verandas and "godowns," forms are seen rising from sleep, each one "wrapping the drapery of his couch about him," with no idea in doing so of conforming to any standards urged upon the attention of the race by Mr. Bryant, but for the simpler if less poetic reason that these draperies constitute his bed clothing by night and his nether garment by day. But do not make the mistake of thinking that because the requirements of the Hindoo's costume are scanty his toilet is therefore a perfunctory matter. Follow him to the well. The chances are that you will never drink water again, but you will obtain knowledge. On the brink of that great yawning hole in the ground known as the compound well, whose sides are of stone and whose steps lead you down to the water's edge, behold the "males" of the compound, divested of the draperies already referred to and in attitudes ranging all the way from the pose of the "Discus Thrower" to that of the most resolute squatter upon a western claim, they are lined up in a row from the top of the steps to the bottom. To the hand of each is a chatty, and one and all are engaged in the offices of the morning bath. And their tub is the well. The brimming chatties are passed up and the empty ones down, legs are curried, feet are scoured, teeth are polished with charcoal and stick, throats are gargled, noses trumpeted, and, in short, the whole man receives such a washing and splashing, such a rubbing and scrubbing, such a mollishing and polishing as leaves nothing to be desired except in connection with the well. This latter consideration, however, is one that does not disturb the Hindoo, who, yielding himself upon being externally the cleanest platter in the universe, devotes but little thought to the inside of the dish.

His ablutions and those of his colleagues concluded, he fills his chatty once more from the pure fountain below, lifts it high in the air, throws his head back and with unerring aim pours the crystal liquid in one long, steady stream down his open throat, skillfully poised to receive and conduct it to his form most interior. This done, his draperies are resumed and he departs to his work.

Shortly after or at a campoff the sun leaps up from behind the eastern hills, and day is at hand.—Mary Annabel Chamberlain in Atlantic.

A STORY OF MILLIONS.

The Way One Man Had a Fortune Thrust Upon Him.

In the year 1826 the reluctant [illegible] made by a young man in New York lawyer, [illegible] for some [illegible] the poorest one making to several callers. The man referred to, John M. Bixby, went to New York in 1826 from a backwoods district as a half starved lawyer. To pay $4 a week for board and washing kept him on the verge of bankruptcy. He struggled on for a year or two and was constantly seeking odd jobs out side of the law to eke out his meager income. One day a book agent called on him.

"Well, my boy, I guess you will have to settle and must get rid of the farm on the north side of the city. It is appraised at $300. You can have it at that figure."

"I have not a dollar to my name," exclaimed Bixby.

"You can give me your note, and I will renew it until you get ready to pay it," replied the lawyer.

The young man hesitated for some time. He was very reluctant about plunging himself under obligation for so large a sum, but finally consented. Young Bixby had to ask for the renewal of his note two or three times, had to deprive himself of the necessities of life to hold the farm until the opening of the Erie canal and the first lighting of the city by gas gave the metropolis a new birth and his farm was quickly swallowed in the growth. At the time of his death Bixby's property was worth $7,000,000. Today its market value is more than $13,000,000.—National Magazine.

Mr. Lincoln's Brevity.

A historian recalls the fact that in Mr. Lincoln's speech at the notification committee at Springfield there were 139 words and in his formal letter of acceptance there were 134 words. In his speech of acceptance to the committee in Washington in 1864 there are 190 words, and in his letter of acceptance there are 200 words. But let us remember that there were no typewriters in those days, and such a thing as a photograph had not been dreamed of.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Uncorrupted.

"I once spurned a bribe of $100,000," said the orator, naturally evoking a round of applause.

"Nay, friends, do not cheer," he continued. "It is the duty of all to be honest. Besides, the services demanded by the bribers scoundrels were worth double the money."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not the Suitor's Fault.

Fond Father (trembling with emotion)—You are audacious! You are heartless! She is my only child! Suitor (wishing to pacify)—But, my dear sir, you—er—you can't blame me for that.—Illustrated Bits.

Steer a straight course and let the other fellow do the dodging. You'll find the world willing to step aside for a fellow who knows where he is going.—Marens.

Wood's Liver Medicine in liquid form for malaria, chills and fever, regulates the liver, kidneys, and bladder, brings quick relief to biliousness, sick-headache, constipation. Pleasant to take. The $1.00 bottle contains 2½ times the quantity of the 50c size. First dose brings relief. Its tonic effects felt at once. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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Bear in mind, please that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is not a secret or patent medicine, against which the most intelligent people are quite naturally averse, because of the uncertainty as to their composition and harmless character, but is a MEDICINE OF KNOWN COMPOSITION, a full list of all its ingredients being printed, in plain English, on every bottle-wrapper. An examination of this list of ingredients will disclose the fact that it is non-alcoholic in its composition, chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine taking the place of the commonly used alcohol, in its make-up. In this connection it may not be out of place to state that the "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierce is the only medicine put up for the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, and sold through druggists, all the ingredients of which have the unanimous endorsement of all the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice, and that too as remedies for the ailments for which "Favorite Prescription" is recommended.

A little book of these endorsements will be sent to any address, post-paid, and absolutely *free*, if you request same by postal card, or letter, of Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take as candy.

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The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 8, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Volney Dunbar sold a tenant house in Crosby this week.

—Bradford is again giving warning to water consumers to use that commodity sparingly.

—No one who votes the straight Republican ticket this fall will ever regret it. There are so many important issues at stake that Republicans cannot afford to give complimentary votes.

—The Herald Square Comic Opera company in a musical comedy hit entitled "A Trip to India," is an attraction of exceptional merit that is booked for October 16th at the Smethport Lyceum.

—At the regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 3 o'clock a report of the county convention of the W. C. T. U., held in Bradford two weeks ago, will be given. A good attendance is desired and visitors are welcome.

—A Towanda man won his suit against the National Protective Legion. The Legion paid its certificate holders only $118.68 whereas it had guaranteed $250 on matured policies. This decision will be of interest to many local people holding similar policies.

—At Batavia, N. Y., a deaf mute was given a "hearing" the other day on a charge of attempting to kill a deaf mute girl of whom he was enamored. He had silently loved her for a long time and when he proposed to her she turned a deaf ear to him because she loved another. Then he became unspeakably jealous.—Bradford Era.

—Merchants throughout this section have been warned to be on the lookout for an adulterated vinegar which may be furnished them by wholesalers. Commissioner Foust, of the Dairy and Food department, is said to have found a large amount of bogus vinegar on the market. In Allegheny county over 20 dealers were arrested and each fined $50 and costs.

—John Carlson of Kane had his left leg amputated between the ankle and knee at the County Home on Monday, Dr. W. A. Ostrander, county physician, performing the operation. Mr. Carlson received an injury to that member about five years ago and it has been giving him more or less trouble ever since. The unfortunate man is now on the rapid road to recovery.

—According to the Punxsutawney Spirit, that city is named as one of a possible ten towns to comprise a baseball league for next year. Other towns also mentioned include DuBois, Johnstown, Altoona, Greensburg, Washington, McKeesport, Charleroi, Butler and New Castle.

—The W. J. Thomas farm of 101 acres, located at Myrtle, Pa., was sold on Monday through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar to J. S. Coats of Shinglehouse, who will take possession in a short time. Mr. Thomas will retain possession of the store building until he has closed out his stock of merchandise.

—Rev. A. Manship, who has been pastor of the Oswayo M. E. church for some time, wrote a very loving letter to Pansy, the 12-years-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Lawton of Genesee, recently residents of Oswayo, is now without a job. When the letter, in which he ardently expressed his love for her and asked her for her photograph, was shown to him he admitted having written it. Rev. Manship, who is 70 years old and has a wife and three children, was not allowed to preach in the church of which he has been pastor last Sunday.—Potter Democrat.

—Genuine high class minstrelsy is enjoyed by all classes, and it is this kind of minstrelsy that is offered by Gorton's Minstrels this season. The company is especially strong in a musical sense, the vocal and instrumental music being of a uniformly high order. The general excellence of the performance, however, is by no means confined to the musical portion of the entertainment. There are popular and artistic features in great abundance, with funny comedians, graceful dancers, expert specialists, etc., thus rounding out an agreeable and attractive program. This company will be seen at the Lyceum next Monday evening.

At any time when your stomach is not in good condition, you should take Kodol, because Kodol digests all the food you eat, and it supplies health and strength for the stomach in that way. You take Kodol just for one little while when you have slight attacks of indigestion, and you take it just a little longer in order to get relief from severe attacks of Indigestion or Nervous Dyspepsia. Try Kodol to-day. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Tired mothers, worn out by the peevish, cross baby have found Cascarets a boon and a blessing. Cascarets is for babies and children, and is specially good for the ills common to hot weather. Look for the ingredients printed on the bottle. Contains no harmful drugs. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

A Tongue Twister.

A member of the Players' club whose simple delight in life is collecting old blue china returned the other day from England and as usual after such a trip had some new blue treasure to show, on one of his customary off the beat, or path tramps. He showed it freely talked about it eloquently, but always when asked where he found it evaded answering. Finally one who had noted several such evasions said to him "You've reached the very worst stage of the collector's mania. You refuse to tell the place of your treasure-house for fear of rival looters."

"You are wrong as to my motive but right as to the fact that I won't tell. I can't, but I'll write the name for you."

Laboriously he wrote on a card this fearsome thing: "Mynyddystwyn."

As his questioner stared with startled eyes at the nerve shattering word the collector explained that it was the true and lawful name of a parish in Monmouthshire, near Pontypool, England.—New York Sun.

The Funeral Sponge.

"If you attend a Persian funeral they hand you at the door a small, flat sponge." The speaker, a popular undertaker, smiled.

"It is amusing to think of," he said, "tunaglue it—by means of these sponges all the mourners' tears are collected and preserved in tiny vases of crystal. They are used afterward as medicine, for they are thought to have wonderful healing power. During the service each mourner keeps his sponge ready, and every tear that wells into his eye is sopped up before it has a chance to escape. The undertaker tiptoes politely about, he extends tentatively the crystal vase, and those who have anything to add to its contents squeeze their sponges solemnly therein. Then, with a bow of acknowledgment, the undertaker tiptoes on his way, extending the vase politely, now to the right, now to the left, murmuring in his gentle and soothing voice:

"'Have you shed, sir? Madam, have you shed?'"

Too Scarce to Throw Away.

"They pipe water now through the burning Australian desert that lies between the coast and the Kilgoorlie gold fields, a distance of about 250 miles, but in my day in that forsaken country water was the scarcest commodity known," said a San Francisco mining engineer.

"It was often hard to get enough water for drinking purposes, and the man who was reckless enough of his money to buy a bucketful for a bath was the talk of the community. I once indulged in this luxury, and after I had finished I noticed that the water was carefully collected again by the vender.

"'What are you going to do with it?' I asked the man. 'Sell it to some other fellow for half price,' he answered, 'and after that I'll sell it several more times, for, you see, it's too scarce, mister, to throw away after only one or two men have washed in it.'"

A Modest Request.

The young man and the girl were standing outside the front door, having a final chat after his evening call. He was leaning against the doorpost, talking in low tones. Presently the young lady looked round to discover her father in the doorway clad in his dressing gown.

"Why, father, what in the world is the matter?" she inquired.

"John," said the father, addressing himself to the young man, "you know I have never complained about your staying late, and I am not going to complain of that now. But for goodness' sake stop leaning against the bell push and let the rest of the family get some sleep."

Sweet Revenge.

Mrs. Shopper after inspecting everything in the store: "I don't see anything here that suits me. I suppose I may as well go down to Stacys' and see what they have." They usually have a good assortment.

Salesman—Here's a card of one of their salesmen. Won't you kindly ask for him?

Mrs. Shopper—Ah! A friend of yours, I presume?

Salesman—No, madam; he has owed me $10 for the past three years.—Puck.

Highly Practical.

"Your business college for young ladies seems to be all right."

"It is all right."

"Do you give the girls a good practical business training?"

"In reply to that question I can only say that 60 per cent of our graduates marry their employers the first year."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Absent Treatment.

"What is the matter with Mrs. Spicy? I saw her sitting on her porch as I came by gritting her teeth and looking daggers into vacancy."

"Her husband is a half hour late and she is giving him absent treatment."—Cleveland Leader.

Excelsior.

Uncle—And what will you do when you are a man, Tommy? Tommy—I am going to shave a beard. Uncle—Why? Tommy—Because then I won't have nearly so much face to wash.—Harper's Weekly.

Getting Personal.

"How does a man get a 'game leg,' pa?"

"Well, you see"—

"Is it by getting into a game and having it pulled?"—New York Press.

An ugly criticism makes more noise than a good book.—Talleyrand.

Bees Laxative Cough Syrup always brings quick relief to coughs, colds, hoarseness, whooping cough and all bronchial and throat trouble. Mothers especially recommend it for children, as it is pleasant to take. It is gently laxative, should be in every home. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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SHORT STORIES.

More than 10,000,000 sheets of gold leaf will be used in gilding Philadelphia's city hall tower.

An oil well at Humble, Tex., blew up, bringing from a depth of 200 feet below the surface a whole tree.

Seaweed may be planted in the Schuylkill river as an experiment to attempt to filter the water which is used for drinking purposes in Philadelphia.

During old home week in Candia, N. H., recently "Parson's one horse shay," made more than fifty years ago but still in excellent state of preservation, was exhibited.

More than 1,000,000,000 picture postcards were mailed in Germany last year, 800,000,000 in Great Britain, more than 700,000,000 in this country and about 665,000,000 in Japan.

The two new battleships which were authorized by the last session of congress will be named Utah and Florida. With the exception of Oklahoma and Wyoming every state in the Union is now represented in the navy.

Church Work.

General Secretary John R. Mott of the World's Student Christian federation reports 132,000 members in all parts of the world.

The mission study movement in this country expects this year to have at least 175,000 persons enrolled, having started six years ago with about 17,000.

The Kansas City Salvation Army has planned a building for its work to cost $100,000, but will not start operations until $50,000 in cash has been secured.

The German Methodists control the little village of Santa Claud, Ind., owning there a large tabernacle, where an annual camp meeting has been held for years.

A church clearing house has been formed at Los Angeles to which ministers all over the country will be asked to send the names of church members who move to that city that they may be followed up and brought into some one of the congregations.

Fly Catches.

Manager Fred Clarke picked up two strong veterans for his outfield in Roy Thomas and "Spike" Shannon.

In one respect "Jiggs" Donohue has something in every first sacker in the country. He is afflicted with appendicitis.

Clarence Owens, the star umpire of the American association, will be a member of President Pulliam's corps next season.

An osteopath has discovered that Jesse Tannehill's shoulder and two ribs were displaced by an accident several years ago, which accounted for his loss of form as a pitcher. He can be cured of his trouble.

Victor Willis has been pitching great ball for the Pittsburg Nationals this season. Nevertheless the tall twirler has difficulty in winning. He always stacks up against a good pitcher, and the Pirates seldom score many runs back of him.

English Etchings.

Two peerages a year become extinct in England.

In the time of Edward I. every man was compelled to have bows and arrows and to use them for his country's defense if called upon.

Plaster portraits are now the fad in London and are done in the form of little bas-reliefs. It is said that an expert can mold a good one in forty-five minutes.

Women are fighting in England for the right to practice pharmacy, and the pharmacists are fighting to keep them out on the ground that the calling is overcrowded already.

Lambeth has a library of 250,000 volumes. The number of books taken home during the last year was 1,362,000, while 1,410,444 were used for reference in the library. In other words, each book was on the average used ten times.

New York City.

It requires 15,200 stenographers to do the office business of New York city.

There are two persons married in New York city each eleven minutes in the day.

The average daily consumption of eggs in New York city is two for each individual.

Manhattan is the most densely populated island in the world. It has a population of 99,150 persons to the square mile.

New York city is growing rapidly in its population of millionaires. There are about 2,000 of them now, while there were only thirty a quarter of a century ago.—New York Herald.

Facts From France.

Some of the Parisian suburbs where much laundry work is done have become veritable hotbeds of consumption, many of the laundrymen being infected.

Paris has a police wonder whose intelligence, agility and skill in finding malefactors and courage in assault have provoked rapturous plaudits. His name is Jules, and he is a Belgian, sheep dog.

France will honor Mme. Michelle Pauline Vrardot, who sang at the entombment of Napoleon Bonaparte in 1840. She was born in 1821 and was a singer in grand opera. Her husband was for a long time conductor of the Italian Opera in Paris.

Kodol is a combination of the natural digestive juices and it digests all classes of food and every kind of food, so you see it will do the work that the stomach itself does. The only difference between it and the stomach is the stomach can get out of order. Buy Kodol to-day. It is guaranteed. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Mark Twain Caught Out.

A poet, a pair of trousers across his knee, sat in his attic trying to thread a needle.

"The proper way," he said, "is to hold the thread still and push the needle toward it or to hold the needle still and push the thread toward it. Mark Twain says both ways are right. Then he says they are both wrong."

Taking down "The Prince and the Pauper," the poet read:

"He did as men have always done and probably always will do to the end of time—held the needle still and tried to thrust the thread through the eye, which is the opposite of a woman's way."

Then the poet, taking down "Huckleberry Finn," read:

"'Bless you, child, when you set out to thread a needle don't hold the thread still and fetch the needle up to it. Hold the needle still and poke the thread at it. That's the way a woman most always does, but a man always does t'other way.'"

Who Would Want to Be a Lama?

The lama pilgrims among the Tibetan Hindoos, as they pursue their mountain pilgrimages, literally measure off the distance with their bodies. The distinguished traveler Sven Hedin, writing of his discoveries in Tibet in Harper's Magazine, describes them as lying down full length on the ground, making a mark on the road, rising and stepping forward to the mark, once more to fall full length. One such walking journey as this, says Dr. Hedin, equals thirty ordinary ones. Among the lamas also are to be found those who immure themselves in a dark cave for life, food being passed in through a passage or hole underground. Should the dish be one any untouched those outside may know that the sacrificial prisoner has died—seated, since all good lamas must die seated, in the wooden frame which was fashioned for him when he was entombed.

Useless.

There was some speculation as to whether the instrument would benefit the old gentleman or not. One was holding the ear trumpet, while another was explaining its use and showing old Mr. Borrows how to hold it to his ear.

"Say something to him through it, Joe," said one to the other.

Now, Joe had long waited for an opportunity to reach Mr. Borrows' ear. So, speaking very distinctly into the trumpet, he said:

"You've not paid me that sovereign you owe me yet, Mr. Borrows."

But the old gentleman put the instrument down, with disappointment on his face, and they could see it was a failure even before he had time to say:

"That thing's not a bit of good to me!"

And he sighed, but his sigh was not so deep as that which came from Joe.—London Express.

Talking Down.

The superintendent of a Sunday school class in Philadelphia recently called upon a visitor to "say a few words" to the class, the members of which are mostly children of tender age.

The visitor, a speaker well known for his verbose and circumlocutory mode of speech, began his address as follows:

"This morning, children, I purpose to offer you an epitome of the life of St. Paul. It may be perhaps that there are among you some too young to grasp the meaning of the word 'epitome.' 'Epitome,' children, is in its signification synonymous with synopsis."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Offensive.

"No, I don't like that woman," declared Nuwed.

"And why not?"

"She's too blamed sorry for my wife to suit my ideas of what's requisite and necessary."

The worship that is most acceptable comes from a cheerful and thankful heart.—Plutarch.

PROSPERITY!

The Man who looks ahead.

No man ever saw prosperity ahead of him except through a bank account.

The man who succeeds is the man who looks ahead and plans for the future. He realizes that money is absolutely essential if he intends to be of use in the world. A small sum will open a bank account. A bank account establishes credit. Good credit opens the way to all things prosperous. Open an account with the Grange National Bank to-day and lay the foundation for a fortune.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's

BAKED GOODS
TOBACCO
CIGARS

AND FINE CONFECTIONERY

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

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Terms:—$1.25 per year, if not paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Local advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday Oct. 8, 1908.

Republican Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
of Ohio

FOR VICE PRESIDENT
JAMES S. SHERMAN
of New York

FOR JUDGE OF SUPERIOR COURT
WILLIAM D. PORTER
of Pittsburg

FOR CONGRESS
CAPT. C. F. BARCLAY
of Sinnemahoning

FOR SENATOR
FRANK E. BALDWIN
of Austin

FOR ASSEMBLY
HON. ROBERT P. HABGOOD
of Bradford
HON. JAMES A. McKEAN
of Smethport

FOR SHERIFF
WILLIAM H. MORRISON
of Smethport

FOR PROTHONOTARY
BENJ. F. STARSKY
of Smethport

FOR RECORDER
HOMER M. CHOATE
of Smethport

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS
JOHN B. EASTMAN
of Smethport

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS, ETC.
FRANK B. FOSTER
of Smethport

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY
GUY R. MAYO
of Smethport

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
A. M. MARSH
of Bradford
JOHN A. PETERSON
of Bradford

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS
A. A. ABBEY
of Smethport
ALBERT R. ANDERSON
of Clermont

THE Republican candidates for county auditors, A. A. Abbey and A. R. Anderson, are A1 men in every respect, and will be elected by large majorities this fall. No one will make any mistake by casting a vote for Messrs. Abbey and Anderson.

THE editor of the Mt. Jewett Herald says the Democratic candidate for sheriff is "just as good" as the Republican candidate. However, everybody knows that it is safer to take the genuine article than that which the clerk tells you is "just as good."

SOME Democratic papers say that in answering W. J. Bryan, President Roosevelt was guilty of lowering the dignity of his office. We don't see it that way and as one takes the position that no one should pay any attention to the ravings of Bryan.

H. M. CHOATE, Republican candidate for re-election for Recorder, doesn't seem to have a hard fight on this fall and why should he? He is the best man for the position in the county, besides being one of the best and biggest hearted men on earth. Everybody concedes his election and everybody is glad that there is no danger of a change in this office.

ELEVEN persons were killed, more than a dozen injured and 30 more escaped with their lives only by the narrowest margin, in an incendiary fire which wrecked the tenement house in New York early Monday morning. That a deliberate attempt was made to destroy a house and its occupants as well, there is no doubt in the minds of the police and firemen.

A DISPATCH from Boston says: Charles S. Davis of Plymouth, nominated as Presidential elector for the 14th Democratic Congressional district, and Ferdinand Strauss, nominated as Presidential elector from the 8th Congressional district by the same party, have both declined to serve, as they declare they will not support William J. Bryan. Mr. Davis states he did not support Bryan in 1896, and has seen no reason to change his opinion since, while Mr. Strauss openly avows he intends to vote for William H. Taft for President.

THE political enemies of Hon. James A. McKean and Hon. R. P. Habgood still persist that there is friction between those two gentlemen, despite the fact that both have openly denied these statements and are making their campaign together. The Democrats and their profuges are determined to beat these gentlemen for re-election, and accordingly they do not intend to stop at any sort of a story if it will help to accomplish these ends. However the voters who love fair play, will see to it that these gentlemen are returned to the legislature.

A FEW days ago it was reported that that Mr. Kern, the Democratic candidate for Vice President had lost his railroad pass which had been given him as attorney for one of the big railroad corporations. Of course some of the Democratic newspapers lost no time in branding the story of the pass and its loss as a campaign lie. And to make it more embarrassing for the Democratic crowd the pass was found, thus proving the truth of the first claim. This must hit pretty hard on Mr. Bryan, who claims that he is opposed to the election of any man who will accept favors from large corporations.

WHEN Mr. Walker was nominated for Congress by the Democrats, Captain Barclay and the Republican party assumed that he was a gentleman, and have at all times endeavored to treat him as one and sincerely desire to continue so to do. Some of the Democratic papers in the district, and it is said Mr. Walker himself, have been making personal attacks upon Mr. Barclay that they know to be absolutely without truth. We sincerely hope and want to believe that Mr. Walker is in no way responsible for these attacks upon the character and business reputation of Mr. Barclay, whose whole life is a refutation of them, and unless we are mistaken in assuming that Mr. Walker is a gentleman we are sure he will put an end to them at once.

THE story is being circulated by some that the editor of the MINER favors the re-election of Hon. R. P. Habgood over Hon. James A. McKean. This is the first time the MINER'S loyalty to the Republican nominees has ever been questioned while under its present management, and we are at a loss to know the purpose of such a report, but we are ready to say that it is a lie, pure and simple, without even the semi blance of truth to lend it color. The MINER, and its editor, are for the whole Republican ticket, from top to bottom, first and all the time. And if at any time we appear to be working harder for one than for another, it is because such candidates appear to us to be in more need of help than the rest. In closing we wish to state that when the MINER or its editor decides to oppose a regularly nominated Republican candidate for office, the people will not have to take the hint from the usual log-on-a-rail corner gossips. When we do, everybody who reads will know it without having to take rumor for their authority. The MINER does not do its fighting in the dark and never will under its present management.

Bryan as an Heir.

Mr. Bryan is not getting away with his heirship claim quite so easily as he anticipated. In fact it looks as though he would have to abandon the attempt. No one seems to recognize in his utterances or his purposes anything that has the real Roosevelt tone to it, and within his own party that staunch advocate of the splendid qualities of statesmanship, the New York World, is leading a revolt against any further effort on Mr. Bryan's part to identify himself with the president. Say you're the heir of Tilden or of Cleveland, yell the "World."

Of Tilden or of Cleveland!

Well in one respect such a claim would possess an advantage over the Roosevelt heirship claim. Both Tilden and Cleveland are dead and cannot personally reply as President Roosevelt has done, to the Bryan pretention.

As far as he could do so, Mr. Cleveland wisely protected himself in his last writings against the possibility of a Bryan usurpation, and pointed out most convincingly that Bryan was not only not of his type, but not a democrat at all. This document, recently made public, is such a masterly portrayal of Bryan's purposes and their relation to true democratic principles that after reading them the only logical conclusion is that Bryan is nobody's heir. He is just simply Bryan.

Therein lies his weakness with the people—his inability to identify himself in the public mind with any of the great leaders who won the confidence of their fellow-citizens; or even to hold identity with the democratic party of tradition. He is wholely and solely Bryan, and no same mind would recognize in him an heir to Tilden, or Cleveland or Roosevelt or anybody else. Like Topsy, he has "just growed."—New York Mail.

Democrats and Prohi's Fuse.

Messrs. Hilton and Shaw, the Democratic candidates for members of the legislature have accepted the endorsement of the Prohibition party as stated last week and in their letters of acceptance, which follow, have promised to be good to their new foster parent. Here is what they say:

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 28, 1908.

Mr. Paul P. Lyon, Secretary Prohibition County Committee, Bradford, Pa.

Dear Sir:—Permit me to thank your committee, through you as secretary, for endorsing me for Member of Assembly. I am pleased to accept the endorsement of your party with this explanation of what issue I stand for: I have been nominated by the Democratic party and favor and will support the resolution passed by the Democratic County Committee, which is to submit all vital questions to the direct vote of the people. I believe in local self-government, or majority rule, and if elected a Member of the Assembly I will vote for any bill that will give the people every possible opportunity to declare their wishes at the polls.

Yours respectfully,
R. W. HILTON.

Bradford, Pa., Sept. 29, 1908.

Mr. Paul P. Lyon Secretary Prohibition County Committee, Bradford, Pa.

My Dear Sir:—It gives me pleasure to receive your notice that the Prohibition County Committee has placed my name on its ticket as one of the candidates for Member of Assembly.

I appreciate the honor of receiving the support of so large and intelligent an organization of men who believe in the Democratic doctrine of "Home Rule." I believe in the referendum and majority rule and that the people by direct vote should decide all vital questions, including local option and the election of United States Senators. The people must rule.

In accepting the honor of your endorsement permit me again to express my pleasure and appreciation.

Very sincerely yours,
L. R. SHAW.

Rings Little Liver Pills for biliousness, sick headache, muddy complexion. They tone the liver; do not gripe. They keep you well. 25c. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Too Much of a Tease.

Blough and Neighbors were chatting on the porch. Mrs. Blough was in the parlor near the window. Blough knew she was listening and wanted to tease her.

"Had a little girl over today," he said to Neighbor confidentially. "Prettiest little girl you ever saw. She was sauntering along the street some feet behind a strolling couple. I was walking faster, and as I caught up with her I couldn't help looking at her, she was so pretty. She caught my look and smiled. I had no intention of flirting, of course, but that smile was irresistible. Then our hands touched accidentally, and we let them linger a minute. She began walking faster to keep up with me, and we passed the couple ahead together. When we got some distance ahead of them I mustered up nerve enough to speak. 'Good evening,' I said, and she replied she thought very roguishly."

There was a swish of skirts in the parlor, and Blough turned in time to see his wife vanishing toward the hall.

"Thunder!" he exclaimed. "Of course the little girl was only about six years old, but my wife didn't wait to hear that. She's gone upstairs to cry now, and even if she accepts my explanation it means flowers and a party dress. What fools we husbands be!"—St. Louis Republic.

Sterne's Destitution.

Laurence Sterne, the writer, was the victim of the intensest poverty. A little time before his death, being in a state of destitution, he went one evening to borrow of his friend Garrick. Upon arriving he heard music and knew that a party was going on. He heard the merry laughter and, gently replacing the uplifted knocker, retraced his steps.

We never feel our miseries so keenly as when contrasted with the joys of others, and it is only then that we realize Wordsworth's picture:

And homeless near a thousand homes I stood
And near a thousand tables pined for food.

Another story of this writer does not evoke so much sympathy. It was known that Sterne used his wife very ill, and in talking with Garrick one day in the sentimental style of courts and love and fidelity he said, "The husband who behaves unkindly to his wife deserves to have his house burn down over his head."

"If you think so," said Garrick, quietly, "I hope yours is well insured."

Political "Pome."

The fight is drawing to its close,
The noise will soon be gone.
There but remains the last appeal
That's due from More Anon,
A few brief words from You Know Who
As friend speaks unto friend,
Justice throws a final fit,
And then we have the end.
A "Note of Warning" there may be
From Old Subscriber's pen,
And Constant Reader may emerge
One moment from his den,
Vox Populi may raise a wail
That pierces heaven's vault,
Insisting that the time has come
When we should call a halt,
And One Who Knows may yet, perchance,
His stormy voice uplift
And ask of all the universe,
"Ah, whither do we drift?"
But all the fighting has been done,
There is no longer strife.
So let us cut out politics
And lead the higher life.—Emporia (Kan.) Gazette.

Most Important Wars.

Perhaps the most important wars, from the standpoint of civilization and progress, were, first, the Greek-Persian war of 490 B. C., in which the oriental wave was prevented from deluging Europe; second, the struggle between the Franks and Moors, which ended at the battle of Tours with the defeat of the Moors, thus saving Europe from Mohammedanism and its stagnation; third, the Napoleonic wars, which shook up Europe, destroying the remnants of feudalism and paving the way for modern democracy, and the American war of 1861-65, which preserved the integrity of the great republic and so made it possible for the United States to work out its splendid destiny among the nations of the earth.—New York American.

Motion Denied.

A man arrested for murder was assigned a counsel whose crude appearance caused the unfortunate prisoner to ask the judge:

"Is this my lawyer?"

"Yes," replied the judge.

"Is he going to defend me?"

"Yes."

"If he should die, could I have another?"

"Yes."

"Can I see him alone in the back room for a few minutes?"—Pick-Me-Up.

Be sure that the wisest persons are those [illegible]

Heavily Laden.

"This play is its intensity," said the go-out-between-the-acts young man, "fairly takes my breath away."

"I only wish it would!" gloomily remarked the lady in the next seat.—Baltimore American.

Golden For Him.

Bunker—I see by the papers that Ardupp has just celebrated his golden wedding! Why, he was only married yesterday. Hunks—Yes; but he married an heiress.

Explosive Diamonds.

A curious fact about diamonds is that it is not uncommon for the crystals to explode as soon as they are brought up from the mine. Sometimes they have burst in the pockets or the warm hands of miners, due to the effect of increased temperature. Large stones are more likely to do this than small ones. Valuable stones have been destroyed in this way. To safeguard them some dealers place large diamonds in raw potatoes for safe transport from South Africa.

The Lyceum.

Monday, Oct. 12, '08.

Gorton's Minstrels

THIS SEASON
EVERYTHING
ENTIRELY NEW

BRILLIANT
COMEDIANS
SINGERS
PERFORMERS

Gorton's Solo Band
DAILY CONCERTS

Prices 25, 35, 50, 75

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SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits,	$218,000.00
Resources about	$900,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.
Pays interest on time deposits.
Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.
Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.
Solicits your business; no account too small, no transaction too large.

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RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. - Smethport

Administrator's Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Almon Wordworth, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of Almon Wordworth, late of Corydon Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to the said estate are hereby notified and requested to make payment of said indebtedness; and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate are hereby notified to make proof of the same and present without delay to

[illegible] BONAPTE, Administrator.
[illegible] N. Y. October 6, 1908.

FIRST SHOWING
—OF—
New Fall and Winter Clothing,

For Young Men, Old Men, Boys and Children, also a complete line of Ladies', Men's and Children's Shoes.

For weeks we have been busy marking and arranging the large and well selected stock of new and beautiful apparel in Men's, Boys' and Children's wear. We are specially proud of our Young Men's suit display. We have the best suits made by the best makers.

Compare our suits with any to be had anywhere, then compare prices. Do this and you will buy your Fall Suit and Overcoat here. You can't help it, you know.

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The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

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A 6½ lb. field gun. Right, wrong, hard, hitting, true, that's the *Marlin Model 16* Repeating Shotgun, *the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured*

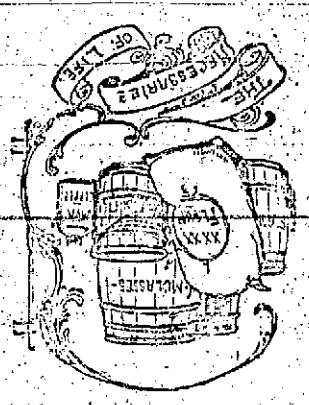
For quail and pheasant shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other field game you'll find the *Marlin Model 16* without a peer.

Compared, like the famous *Marlin* Model 19, with the *Marlin* solid top, and the *Marlin* closed-in breech bolt, which shuts out the sand, rain, sleet and snow from the action, having the *Marlin* side ejection and the beautiful *Marlin* balance, this gun is a standard in construction, assembling and quick response to the touch of the trigger. *Have your dealer show it.*

There's a full description of all *Marlin* repeaters, rifles and shot guns, and lots of valuable information for gun lovers in the *Marlin* Firearms Year Book, 170 pages, with a handsome art cover. It's FREE. Cost you but a postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
42 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

White Diamond Flour



It makes Good Bread. Try it and be Convinced.

Sole Agents for
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J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

Oscar Engstrom.

78 Acre Farm Near Portville For Only $2,500.

We offer for sale the Scutt farm of 78 acres, located 2½ miles from Portville, N. Y., and 6 miles from Olean, N. Y. Part level, part hill land, good fences, watered by creek and springs, orchard of 40 trees grafted fruit, 48 acres work land, 10 acres timber, balance pasture. Six-room house in fair repair, one barn 24x30, one barn 20x40, fair repair. One-half mile to school and cheese factory, 2½ miles to railroad station and trolly line. With the farm we offer 25 tons hay, new mowing machine, rake, two plows, cultivator, milk wagon, and two cans. Possession at once. Price $2,500, terms one-half cash, easy payments on balance.

Herrick Agency, Bolivar, N. Y.

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57 MAIN ST.
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Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

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MOVE THE BOWELS AND WORK OFF A COLD WITH THE ORIGINAL
BEE'S LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP.
BEST FOR A COUGH

Notice to Merchants.

We are manufacturers of Canvas and Canton Flannel Gloves of all weights. Plain band top; knit wrist; gauntlet or Cadet, &c. When in need write us telling what you want and we will either call on you or send you samples with prices that we know will please you. Our Gloves are good and large when so ordered. We sell at Wholesale only. Kindly remember us when in need and patronize Home Industry.

Barbour & Barbour,

NEWERF, McKean Co., PA.

BURDICK & SARTWELL PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Notice of Filing Account.

In re petition of the directors of the Poor of McKean County Poor District for the appointment of a Guardian for Peter H. Straight a weak minded person.

In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County. No. 38, December Term, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that the First and Final account of Sheridan Gorton, Guardian of the above named Peter B. Straight, a weak-minded person, has been filed and if no exceptions are filed the account will be confirmed absolutely by the Court on October 20, 1908, at two o'clock p. m.

SAMUEL E. BELL,
Prothonotary.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 28, 1908.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

That New Fall Suit will soon be wanted and we are ready to serve you with the new ones; neat, dressy and up-to-date.

Ask to seen them and you must admire. Priced to to please you too.

$25.00 to $40.00.

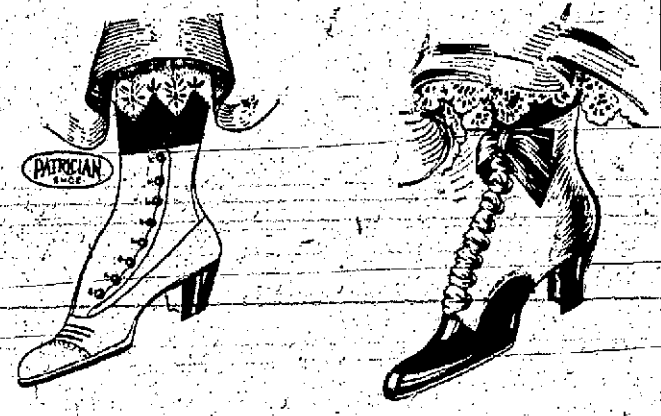
PATRICIAN Shoes for Women

The new Patrician models in fall footwear are ready for your inspection and will more than please you. Perfect fit, longest wear, ease and comfort.

$3.50 and $4.00.

Style No. 31
Gun Metal, Button, Welt Sole. A Shoe for service.
$3.50

Style No. 30
Pat. Vamp, Gibson Hand Turned. For dress wear.
$4.00



Many other styles in Black, Tan, Brown and Ox Blood, in regular height and the high wave top boots.

DALY & GARLICK

As the hunting season is now open you will need a good Gun, either in a double or single barrel. A little ammunition too. We carry the Winchester shells.

Daly & Garlick.

HAMILTON BLOCK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 8, 1908

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Don't forget the dance at the Lyceum Saturday night.

—The frame work on M. W. Heinlein's house has been started.

—The forest fires are again doing a great deal of damage in this section.

—Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin entertained the Bridge Whist Club last evening.

—We wish to thank Harry Hallman for a mess of Japanese cucumbers, which he kindly sent us yesterday.

—Four performances of "Ben Hur" were given at the Bradford Theatre last week and it was the greatest hit of the season.

—The Odd Fellows' band made its first appearance on the street last Thursday evening, and acquitted themselves very creditably.

—There will be a cooked food sale at St. Luke's parish house Saturday, October 10, at 3 p. m., under the direction of St. Luke's Guild.

—Detroit holds the American League pennant again this year. It took the last game to decide the contest between this team and Chicago.

—A good time can be had by attending the dance at the Lyceum Saturday night. The price is right. The floor is good. For only 50 cents.

—A Republican meeting was held at Crosby, Monday evening, which was conducted by County Chairman F. D. Gallup and several of the local candidates. The meeting was largely attended by enthusiastic voters in that vicinity, who are loyal supporters of Republicanism.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Services at East Smethport at 2:30 p. m.

—Miss Ella G., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hamilton and Harry J. Brady, two popular Bradford young people, were married at that place last evening.

—Don't miss the jolly minstrel performance by Gorton's Minstrels at the Lyceum next Monday evening. Everything new and high class this season. Street parade and band concert at noon.

—The game to-day between New York and Chicago decides the championship in the National League. These teams are tied for first place and the game in New York to-day tells the story.

—Fred Anderson is the proud possessor of a new silver-plated, gold-mounted cornet. It is a beautiful, sweet-toned instrument and was manufactured by the celebrated House of York, Grand Rapids, Mich.

—The President of the Hose Company thought he had discovered a sea-serpent the other evening on his way home, but more careful examination revealed the fact that it was only a length of hose that obstructed his way.

—Rev. A. C. Willey, well known here, who recently left the Methodist church and became affiliated with the Episcopal church, has returned to his old faith and has been given a charge at Talmadge, in the East Ohio Conference.

—Shamokin is preparing to entertain the greatest gathering of Sunday School workers ever held in this State, when the 44th annual convention of the Pennsylvania State Sabbath School Association convenes at that place on October 14 for a three day session. For further particulars address Mrs. H. Bowen, 149 Summer street, Bradford, Pa.

—Last Sunday evening a local automobilist who was "going some" hit a yearling heifer that attempted to beat him across the road a few miles out of town. The automobile was uninjured, but it is alleged that the heifer felt a little sore the next morning.

—Fire has been put into the tanks of the Smethport Window Glass factory and it is understood that glass will be made there in a short time. There are persistent rumors that a glass-making machine has been installed, but as yet no one outside of the managers seems to know definitely whether the machine will be used or glass made by hand.

—The banner won by the Smethport High School in the Interscholastic contest at the McKean County Fair is on exhibition at the Hogarth drug store and is the pride of every member of the schools. The banner is orange and black, the colors of the school, and is inscribed "Smethport H. S., First in McKean Co. Interscholastic Meet, 1908."

—The paving on Main street still progresses. The brick work on six blocks is nearly completed and three blocks are entirely finished. Many of our citizens are inquiring why these three blocks are not opened for traffic. If they were opened it would be of considerable benefit to many and we do not know any reason why they should be kept closed.

—Rev. W. A. Harris has returned from the Genesee Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church held at Rochester and will be the local pastor for another year at least. Rev. Harris has acted in this capacity for the past three years and during that time he and his estimable wife have made many friends who will be pleased to learn that they are to remain among us.

—The Bradford police yesterday learned that certain goods stolen from Silvercreek Hollow recently were to be had in Randolph, N. Y. The person suspected of the theft is "Catskin" Murray, a local individual of considerable ring in his line. The stolen articles belonged to Tom Lohr. They were located by means of a descriptive circular sent out by Chief Murray. "Catskin" is not to be found, save Tuesday's Era. "Catskin" was a guest at Sheriff Mitchell's "hotel" for a long time and the chances are he will be back soon.

—A business Men's Association was formed in this place Monday evening and the new organization starts off with a whole some membership. A delegation from a similar organization came over from Bradford on Monday and assisted in getting them started along the proper lines. The following officers were elected: President, W. A. Andorfer; first vice president, W. H. Gallup; second vice president, John Rooney; treasurer, Walter Daly. A secretary will be selected at a later date. This is an excellent idea and it is expected that every business man in town will soon become identified with the new organization.

—We have received from Harry L. Hallman, who is a gunner on the U. S. S. Minnesota, a copy of The Gopher, a neat little 16 page paper published monthly on that ship, and a copy of The Daily Telegraph, published at Sidney, Australia. The Gopher has an account of Mr. Hallman's wedding and is chock full of gossip about the crew of the Minnesota. The Telegraph is fully as large as most of our dailies and is loaded with advertising, which is given the first pages in preference to the news. A greater part of the news space in this issue is devoted to the landing of the American sailors on Australian shores and the cordial receptions given them.

Bradford H. S. Hazers Fined.

Fourteen high school students were marched in a body to the City building from East Bradford, Sunday evening, by the police, says the Bradford Era. The boys were charged with disorderly conduct and were given a hearing Monday morning before Magistrate Mulholland and each was fined $2 and costs.

The disorderly conduct consisted of certain ceremonies attendant upon the hazing of a student named McDowell. He was walking with a young lady, in the East End, when a specially appointed committee suddenly appeared and made McDowell a captive. They took the prisoner up Oxford street to the vicinity of the woods and there they proceeded to put on the work.

They divested McDowell of his coat, shoes, collar, etc., and in his bare feet compelled him to do a sort of a Salome dance.

The victim was coerced into singing: "Waiting at the Church," "No Wedding Bells for Me," and "The Crystal Water Flows."

The freshman knew that he was in the hands of the enemy and took his punishment in a philosophical way.

But the regulators who conducted the exercises were too enthusiastic in their yells and not at all careful about the terms used. The neighbors called up the police and the arrests followed.

McDowell was not hurt in any physical manner, but, very naturally, his feelings were considerably ruffled.

Wanted: A respectable tenant for old home farm, in Farmers Valley. Will give the right party, with a neat tidy wife, a good opportunity to make a living. Immediate possession can be given. D. C. YOUNG,
Smethport, Pa.

Burns, bruises and big scratches, big and little cuts or in fact anything requiring any salve, are best and quickest soothed and healed by DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. The best salve for piles. Be sure to get DeWitt's. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills. They are small, sure, safe pills. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. I. Oliesser is in Buffalo on business.

J. R. Foot was a visitor on Bradford Sunday.

Earnest Hamilton spent Sunday in Bradford.

John E. Mullen of Kane is attending court this week.

Stephen Cullem of Bradford had business in town this week.

Mrs. Alfred Hagberg of Hazelhurst was in town this week.

Miss Bertha Kerns of Bradford passed Sunday in this place.

E. T. Early of Bradford had business in town Wednesday.

Miss Fay Knapp passed Sunday with relatives in Bradford.

Mrs. Henry Hamlin returned to her home in this place Friday.

John J. Roberts of Ceres, was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Button of Port Allegany are visiting friends in town.

Mrs. Wm. Hafner is visiting friends and relatives in Clermont this week.

Miss Rosele Rood of Cherry Creek, N. Y., is the guest of Mrs. Harry L. Backus.

Mrs. Sarah Richmond and son, Paul, returned home from Bradford Saturday.

Judge Prather of Meadville is assisting Judge Bouton on the bench this week.

Horace B. King returned to Carlisle, to resume his studies at Dickinson Law School.

Mrs. John J. Miller of Toledo, Ohio, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Mary Hussey.

John Loley of Titusville, Pa., was the guest of his sister, Mrs. N. H. Knapp, Friday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Camp of Bradford were calling on relatives in this place Thursday last.

J. W. Brennman, superintendent of the County House, had business in Kane the fore part of the week.

Joe Roys, Clifton Lyman and Floyd St. Clair of Port Allegany were calling on friends in town Sunday.

William Swanson of Kane has been serving on jury this week and was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday.

Miss Gertrude Wendell returned Monday from Bradford where she has been the guest of friends for the past two weeks.

Miss Irma Wells, who is a student at Darlington Seminary, West Chester, Pa., was home from Saturday until Monday.

Mrs. Mary L. Bisett left on Tuesday for New York to purchase her fall and winter goods. She was accompanied by her son Merrit.

Mesdames F. O. Pierce, A. A. Abbey, E. Carr, W. Andrews, O. Irons and Miss Anna Haley attended the L. O. T. M. meeting at Port Allegany Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Pomeroy, Miss Pomeroy, Miss Vosburg and Dr. Wilson of Port Allegany were the guests of Mrs. Pomeroy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Camp, Sunday.

Hon. R. P. Habgood of Bradford, one of the Republican candidates for re-election to the Legislature was a visitor in town Monday and Tuesday. Mr. Habgood is making a canvass of the county and is well pleased with the outlook for the whole Republican ticket.

The following were among the numerous visitors at Bradford last week to see "Ben-Hur": Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus, Mesdames G. W. Mitchell, Wm. Morrison, H. H. Redfield, M. M. Gillette, Wm. Hammar, E. L. Newman and N. H. Knapp; Misses Mollie King, Ruth Walker, Rachel Mayo, Anna and Agnes Berry, Rose Curtis, Blanche Bush, Aletha and Alice Stull, Elsie Sherer and Mattie Backus; Messers Harold Backus, Frank Dunbar and Sidney Burdick.

Hands cracked and bruised from husking, skin diseases, tan freckles, cuts relieved at once with Pilesalve Carbolized (acts like a poultice). Draws out inflammation. Price 25c. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

Don't be misled

by flaring clothing advertisements. Clothing is often advertised as cheaper and better than any one else's, but when you come to buy, you mostly find a different tale. But you are NOT MISLED if you buy you Fall Clothing in this store. We invite you to try on one of our

PELHAM SUITS or OVERCOATS.

Examine them carefully, learn the price and you will surely pick out a $10, $13 or $15 Suit or Overcoat, because PELHAM Suits or Overcoats are the best ever offered for the money.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

FANCY WAISTS
Fall Styles

The new fashions in Net, Silk and Cotton Waists are waiting for you here.

A number of very pleasing models have been brought out for the coming season. Most noticeable is the increasing use of the long sleeve, the Mousquetaire type being much favored.

Just a hint of the price range; better drop around and see them.

White Cottons — $1.00 to $3.50.
Nets—Ecru, White & Black — $3.50 to $6.75.
Silks—White, Colors & Blacks — $3.50 to $6.75.

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

PRICES RIGHT!

—ON OUR—

Bacon and Hams. Also Summer Sausage, Dried Beef, Corned Beef and Roast Beef.

G. W. BRENNAN,
THE CASH GROCER.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S
Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

COFFEE'S.

Java,	35c lb	Mocha & Java,	35c lb
White House,	35c lb	Veteran Brand,	30c lb
Our Own Blend,	28c lb	Brighton Blend,	25c lb
Blue Ribbon,	25c lb	Faxon's Brand,	25c lb
Admiral,	22c lb	Rio,	20c lb
	Arbuckles,	18c lb	

—AT—

ANDORFER & LYLE'S

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family recipes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

The Ride of Nelson's Jim.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

Copyrighted, 1905, by Associated Literary Press.

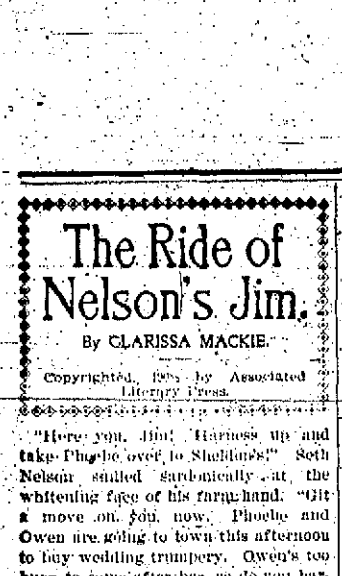
"Here you, Jim! Harness up and take Phoebe over to Sheldons'" Seth Nelson smiled sardonically at the whitening face of his farm hand. "Git a move on, you now. Phoebe and Owen are going to town this afternoon to buy wedding trumpery. Owen's too busy to come after her, so do you harness up and take her over."

The farm hand slowly clinched his big, brown hands, while the muscles of his strong neck hardened into rigid cords.

"So you're going to let her marry that—that—" he panted between his teeth, when the older man interrupted him angrily.

"Shut up! It's none of your business. You ain't no kin to her! This sister and brother business ends right here! When I took you out of the 'sylum I took you to help with the work and not as a member of the family. Don't you dare to open your mouth to Phoebe till you git to Sheldon's. She's tickled to death to git him," he added cruelly as he walked away.

Without another word Jim—commonly known as "Nelson's Jim"—walked toward the barn. Presently he drove around to the side entrance of the house where Phoebe Nelson awaited



"AND—WELCOME," HE REPLIED, WITH A WRY SMILE.

him, shy and fluttering, her delicate cheeks alternately flushing and paling as he helped her into the buggy.

"Goodby, ma," she called in a high treble voice, waving her hand at the dining room window.

Mrs. Nelson's motherly face appeared for an instant, clouded with anxiety.

"Take good care of her, Jim!" she called after them.

Jim turned and nodded grimly at her. And then, lips set in a hard, straight line, as if he would repress the speech that had been forbidden him, he flung out his whip with a stinging lash across the mare's flank.

Phoebe uttered a frightened cry.

"Be careful, Jim! You know Bess won't stand the whip, and I'm afraid!" She turned an appealing glance toward him, but his eyes were fixed straight ahead between the pointed ears of the little black mare.

"What's the matter, Jim? You act so queer! I suppose you're mad about Owen and me, but I couldn't help it—pa just settled everything without asking me, and—and—I hate Owen Sheldon! I don't want to marry a widower!" Her voice broke suddenly, but his stern young face did not relax. Still he made no reply.

"Jim! What's the matter?" she cried again.

No reply.

"Oh, dear!" she was crying softly now under the wide brim of her flower trimmed hat. "I don't want to go—you know why, and ma knows. Jim—she likes you best—you're awful mean to make me tell it!"

Nelson's Jim turned tender brown eyes upon the young girl, and the hard lines about his mouth softened. His lips parted for an instant and then shut with a little click of his teeth. They had not yet reached Sheldon's farm.

There was a long silence then. The little black mare plunged bravely through the sand of the shore road and emerged into the highway at a point opposite the long lane of locust trees which led to Sheldon's. At this point Jim again plied his whip, and they flashed past the entrance to the lane and whirled away down the hill toward town with a shimmering stream of golden sand pouring from the tires and settling in their wake.

"Oh, Jim," cried Phoebe, with a frightened gasp. "What are you doing? Pa will kill me, so he will! And Owen—he's got a terrible temper!" She clutched his arm frantically.

Then Jim spoke.

"I got a terrible temper myself," he said savagely. "I been holding it in for twelve years because I was waiting to grow up, so's I could meet your father on his own ground. He's twitted me with being a 'sylum boy and having no name. I've found out all about it. I ain't no lost heir, Phoebe, but I've got a name. It's Browning. All my folks are dead long ago. I've saved money, and I can take care of you. I'm going to the Baptist preacher's now. Is it all right, Phoebe, or shall I take you back to Owen?"

Phoebe hid her blushing face on his shoulder. "I'll go with you, Jim," she whispered, "and I guess I ain't afraid of pa and Owen after all."

* * * * * * *

Three hours later Nelson's Jim drove through the farm gate with his pale little wife clinging to his arm. Seth Nelson was raging around the yard with a shotgun in one hand, while his wife thrust a frightened face from the kitchen door.

With a quick leap Jim reached the ground and grasped the barrel of the weapon as Nelson raised it to his shoulder.

"It ain't loaded, you old fool!" he shouted as he wrested the gun from the farmer and leaned it against the wood shed. "Now, you listen to me Seth Nelson. If you open your mouth before I tell you to, I'll knock you down!"

The old man's face worked savagely. He glanced toward the carriage and raised his fist against the shrinking girl. He opened his mouth as if to speak.

"Shut up!" commanded his son-in-law authoritatively. "Now, see here my name's Browning!"

The farmer stared incredulously.

"My name's Browning," repeated Jim emphatically. "This here lady is my wife! Mrs. Browning is her name—Mrs. James Browning. It's a nice name—eh?"

Seth Nelson scowled sullenly at his farm hand.

"If you want to be a father to her and a father-in-law to me, you can act decent about it! We love each other and we got married. I got $900 in the bank, and I can take care of her. We'll board here, and I'll work for you—hands is scarce—but you've got to remember we won't be bullied."

"You—you—you"— stuttered the farmer wildly, but his son-in-law cut him short with a wave of the hand and climbed into the buggy and turned it around. As they drove toward the gate Nelson strode after them. He cast one look around the barnyard, the unfinished chores, then away across the swelling acres waiting for the mowing machine, and the anger settled into chagrin.

"Say, you, Jim—Browning—you and your wife can board here if you want to," he said reluctantly.

"And—what?" demanded Jim Brown ing curtly.

Seth Nelson saw the tearful face of his wife in the doorway, and his grim face softened.

"And—welcome!" he replied, with a wry smile.

Grateful Rejected One.

"I am truly sorry to give you pain Mr. Hankinson," said the young lady, "but please do not allude to this subject again. I can never be your wife."

"That is your final answer, Miss Irene?"

"It is."

"Nothing can induce you to change your decision?"

"My mind is finally and unalterably made up."

"Miss Irene," said the young man, rising and looking about for his hat, "before coming here this evening I made a bet of $5 with Van Perkins that you would say 'No' to my proposal. I have won. It was taking a risk, but I was dead broke. Miss Irene," he continued, his voice quivering with emotion, "you have saved a despairing man from the fate of a suicide and won the lifelong respect and esteem of a grateful heart. Good evening."—London Answers.

Brilliant Alpine Flora.

Comparisons made by Dr. Dufour show that the superior purity and splendor of floral colors in the Alps are not imaginary or a mere effect of contrast. The reds, blues and yellows of the mountain blossoms are much more intense than those of the same species of flowers grown at ordinary levels. The leaves also have a deeper and richer green, and microscopic examination shows that chlorophyl is more abundant in Alpine plants than in those of the plains. One fact which seems quite natural, yet is very interesting, is that on the mountain plants have relatively small aerial organs and larger subterranean ones. Thus a graceful flower which in the plains is seen nodding at the summit of an aspiring stem will be found high on the mountain slopes hugging the soil, anchored by comparatively heavy roots and beaming up with accentuated beauty from the ground.—Pearson's Weekly.

Sheep or Goat?

Nan's mother heard her crying after she had gone to bed and upon inquiry learned that the child, having heard for the first time the parable of the sheep and the goats, was in terror lest she should be a goat.

Her grandfather, a clergyman, tried to comfort Nan and finally succeeded in convincing her that if she led a "godly, righteous and sober life" she need not fear the objectionable classification. However, the next night Nan was again the victim of her emotions, and her mother insisted that the scene of the previous night must not be repeated.

"But, oh, mamma," sobbed the child, "this is different. Grandfather explained all about me, and I am not afraid for myself now. But, oh, mamma, what if you should be a goat?"—Delineator.

A Possibility.

"Suppose women should vote, what would be the result?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Sirius Barker petulantly. "Perhaps we'd have hand painted ballots."—Washington Star.

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup is used nearly everywhere, because it not only heals irritation of the throat and stops the cough, but it drives the cold out of the system through its laxative principle by assuring a free and gentle action on the bowels, and that is the way to cure a cold. You can't cure it as long as you are constipated. Insist upon Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

MAILING LETTERS.

One Trick That Doesn't Go With the Postal Officials.

There are times when, for one reason or another, you may wish to post a letter to some one, indicating in the postmark on the envelope that it came from some other than your own home town. But accordingly, as you value the scheme, which you are trying to work, don't make the mistake of trying to work the postmaster of that particular town into this particular scheme of posting the letter for you. In anything, from a harmless practical joke up to a penitentiary offense which you may be planning, the postal service will recognize in you only a scoundrelly intent to deceive and defraud, and it has schooled every postmaster in the country into that fixed belief upon which he must act.

For example, you have written your letter, which you desire to appear as having been mailed at a particular postoffice somewhere in the United States. You seal it, stamp the envelope and address it to the person. This letter you inclose in a larger envelope to the postmaster of that particular town with the written request, "Please post the inclosed letter at your office."

The postmaster will do this. Oh, yes.

The postmaster, taking up the directed, stamped and sealed envelope, writes across a corner of the envelope a full explanation of the matter, reciting that it was received from Mr. So and-so of a certain place, asking that the postmaster drop it into the mail as originating at that particular office over which he has jurisdiction.

Nice little situation, isn't it?—Chicago Tribune.

THE DOLLAR MARK.

A Theory as to the Origin of This Monetary Symbol.

The origin of the dollar mark is one of the curios of our financial history.

In the early days of the nation there was utter confusion in the circulating medium. Several of the colonies had authorized coins of different denominations, and, besides these, there were English pence, shillings, crowns and half crowns; French coins brought from Europe and Canada; Spanish coins of half a dozen denominations; especially reals and doubloons; Mexican coins; the Pennsylvania Dutch and German pieces, and along the coast Portuguese and even Italian money was often seen, brought by seamen.

The United States mint was established in 1791, and the United States coinage became, of course, the legal tender. The mixed coinage, however, was not at once displaced, but continued in local use, so that it became necessary for merchants in keeping accounts to designate that a bill was to be paid in United States currency, or, if in miscellaneous coins, these were received at a discount. So before the sum total of the bills the merchant was accustomed to write the letters "U. S.," signifying United States money. In the hurry of writing the "S" was often written over the "U," then the connecting line at the bottom easily dropped off, and to the present day most people unconsciously commemorate the original practice by making the two down strokes first, then adding the "S."

State Officials Paid in Pelts.

Probably few people today know that the original name of the state of Tennessee was Franklin or that in 1788 the salaries of the officers of this commonwealth were paid in pelts, but the following is a correct copy of the law:

Be it enacted by the general assemble of the state of Franklin, and it is hereby enacted by authority of the same, that from and after the first day of January, 1789, the salaries of this commonwealth be as follows—to wit:

His excellency the governor, per annum, 100 deerskins.

His honor the chief justice, 500 deerskins.

The secretary to his excellency the governor, 500 raccoon skins.

County clerk, 300 beaver skins.

Clerk of the house of commons, 300 raccoon skins.

Members of the assembly, per diem, 3 raccoon skins.

Justice's fee for serving a warrant, 1 minkskin.

The Echo.

Small boy David was from the city. While visiting in the country he was one evening driving along the river bank, when an echo was heard, the voices in the valley below which produced it being scarcely distinguishable. After listening some time and being told that the sound he heard was an echo, he turned to his mother and said:

"Mamma, what is an echo?"

His mother tried to explain at some length, though she felt that her explanation was not being followed. Suddenly David broke in:

"Oh, I know all about it!" he exclaimed. "An echo is the shadow of a voice."—Woman's Home Companion.

All or None.

His Daughter's Beau—I—er—er—want to ask you, sir, for your—er—er—daughter's hand, sir. Her Father—I'm not disposing of her in sections, but I'm willing to listen to any proposition involving all of her, sir.—Cleveland News.

The Trouble.

Anxious Mother—How is it that you have so much trouble with your housekeeping? You told me your wife could cook. Adult Son—She can.

"Then what is the matter?"

"She won't."—London Telegraph.

No Chance to Talk.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—John, you yawned twice while we were calling on that lady. Mr. Crimsonbeak—Well, dear, you didn't expect me to keep my mouth closed all the time, did you?—Yonkers Statesman.

Novelty Restaurant. New York Counts, Clams, Cigars THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

THE PRICE OF PEPPER.

It Helped to Change the History of the Old World.

In the sixteenth century all the pepper consumed in England was bought by the English merchants from the Dutch, who brought it from India. Owing to racial jealousy, the Dutch traders in 1599 raised the cost from 3 shillings to 6 shillings per pound. This petty display of ill feeling caused considerable annoyance to the English merchants and aroused in them that feeling of independence which has always been so characteristic of our race.

They determined to import their pepper direct from India in their own ships and for this purpose formed a company, called the Governor and Company of Merchants of London Trading to the East Indies, which in latter days became eventually known as the East-India company.

Their first voyages embroiled them in almost innumerable quarrels with the Dutch and Portuguese, and for a time the venture proved a financial failure. It was not until 1615 that the company became successful and obtained lucrative treaties, owing to their decisively defeating the Portuguese.

From this time on their possessions gradually increased, slowly at first and then very rapidly, until, by the wise and beneficial management of such men as Clive, Warren Hastings and Cornwallis, they exercised sovereignty over the greater portion of India.

In this manner it happened that an increase in the price of pepper momentously affected the history of mankind.—London Standard.

DIVISIONS OF TIME.

The Planet Venus Has Neither Days Months Nor Years.

Though the fundamental division of time, the day, appears intuitive to most persons, it is well to remember that in the arctic regions the marking of this division is by no means easy. During several successive months the sun is either always below or always above the horizon, and the only method a very uncertain one of distinguishing between day and night is to observe the times of high and low tide. Division of time into months comes from the motions of the moon. Malays, Polynesians and Australian aborigines reckon time exclusively by months and days.

That greater unit of time, the year, characterized by the regular succession of the seasons, has presented the greatest difficulties to exact determination, partly because the seasons are not sharply distinguished in some regions, partly because of the universal desire to establish among the year, month and day simple relations which find no support in the facts of astronomy.

Inhabitants of Venus, if there are any, must find it extremely difficult to establish units of time. Venus always turns the same face toward the sun, so the planet has no day, and the lack of a moon deprives it of a month. Finally, it has no year, for its axis of rotation is perpendicular to the plane of its orbit and the latter is almost circular.—Chicago News.

Tea as a Panacea.

In its early days in England a wide range of curative virtues was claimed for tea. In the Mercurius Politicus of Sept. 30, 1658, appears a marvelous advertisement extolling the virtues of "that excellent and by all physicians approved China drink called tcha and by other names tee." And there is in the British museum a broadsheet issued by the founder of Garraway's in which its "particular virtues" are displayed at length. Among many other things it "helpeth the headache, removeth the obstructions of the spleen, cleareth the sight and purifieth adult humors and a hot liver. It prevents and cures agues, surfeits and fevers, prevents consumptions, is good for colds, dropsies and scurvies and expelleth infection." No wonder that it "hath been sold for £10 the pound weight."—Westminster Gazette.

Smart.

Slick (to Blossom)—Is this Mr. Bloomer's office? Blossom—No. His office is on the other side of the passage. Slick (leaving the door open as he walks out)—Thank you, sir. Blossom—*Hey! Come back and close that door! Haven't you any doors in your house?* Slick—Yes, sir, but they all have springs on 'em. Allow me to show you, sir, my patent double back action door spring. It closes the door without a bang and will last a lifetime.

Discriminating.

"Of course," the British tourist was saying, "I understand that the winning party at your elections is the one that gets out the most voters."

"Not at all," replied the native. "It's the party that puts in the most votes."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Good Turns.

"De Writer was telling me he expected Crittick of the Morning Bugle to do his book a good turn."

"Yes? Well, he seems to have given it two or three good turns. He roasted it pretty thoroughly."—Exchange.

Setting Him Right.

The poet was busy at his desk.

"The fire of genius is burning, eh?" queried the casual caller.

"Not so you can notice it," replied the rhymester. "That's my cigar you smell."—Chicago News.

For a man to exert his powers in doing good so far as he can is a most glorious task.—Sophocles.

RAISING CHICKENS.

Her Theory Was Right, but a Flaw Marred Her Practice.

"Yes, farming is all very easy," the farmer said. "Any city person could make a success of it at the first go off. Mrs. Jack Frost took the farm next to mine one year. Being from the city, she thought she would show us country people a thing or two about real farming. She began on a chicken yard.

"It was a fine yard. Pretty soon a hundred eggs hatched out. There were half hens and half roosters. Mrs. Jack Frost, before sailing for Europe, separated the two sexes, and, killing all the roosters, she sent them to her friends. A fine lot of spring broilers they made. They were no bigger than squabs.

"But when Mrs. Jack Frost got back from Europe a strange sight her chicken yard presented. It was nothing but young roosters—young roosters crowing, young roosters swaggering about while here, with flying feathers and squawks and blood, a terrible fight went on, and there, disregarded by all, lay the corpses of brave birds slain in single combat. At sunrise you could hear the crowing of those roosters all over the county.

"Poor Mrs. Jack Frost understood the theory of chicken raising all right, only in separating the young birds she mistook the males for the females, and vice versa."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

WHEELBARROW TRAVEL.

A Common Method of Transportation in China.

"Probably more freight and more passengers are transported in China by the wheelbarrow than by any other land method," said a Hongkong man who is interested in the shipping trade in the far east.

"The wheelbarrow used in China differs from that used in America in the fact that the wheel is set in the center and thus supports practically the entire load, while the handles are supported in part by a strap or rope over the shoulders of the man who operates it.

"As a result the coolie in China will transport nearly half a ton on his wheel. Wheelbarrows are much used in the country, where the roads are but little developed, and I have heard that passengers sometimes make the entire trip from Shanghai to Pekin, a distance of 600 miles, by barrow.

"A two passenger barrow will make about twenty miles a day, and the coolie is content with a pay of about 20 cents a day or an average of about half a cent a mile for each passenger. On the level, well kept streets of the foreign quarters of such cities as Hongkong, Shanghai and Pekin the wheelbarrow coolie will struggle along with a load of six or even eight people."—Washington Herald.

A Hard Language.

"Jeosten!" said the perplexed Frenchman. "When you give a sing, you cannot keep 'eem! So?"

"So," said the English instructor.

"But when a hones' man gives 'ees word, 'ee keep 'eem. So?"

"So," said the instructor.

"But when 'ee give 'ees word, 'ow can 'ee keep 'eem? Does 'ee take 'eem back?"

"No," said the instructor.

"But if 'ee keeps 'ees word 'ee does not give 'eem!"

"Oh, yes! If he does not keep his word he is not an honest man."

"Ah—I begeen to see! Aving given 'ees word and not taken 'eem back, 'ee keep 'eem all ze while?"

"That's it."

"Oh, ho, ho, ha! What a language ees ze English!"

Always on Time.

A man who is constitutionally late surprised his friends by leaving the house at 1 o'clock to keep a 2 o'clock appointment.

"Jim's watch must be wrong or he wouldn't have started so early," they said. "He will surely be on time today. Where in the world can he be going?"

"He is going to a funeral," volunteered one who knew. "He is one of the pallbearers. Very seldom are pallbearers behind time. I have known men who were late on every other imaginable occasion—late for their own weddings, even—but if chosen for pallbearers they always came up to the mark."—New York Globe.

Mme. de Staël.

Bonaparte said Paris was not large enough for himself and Mme. de Staël at the same time and exiled her. Next to Bonaparte she was, through her salons, the most powerful personage in the country in her time. "If I were empress of the world," exclaimed the brilliant Mme. de Staël, "I would command Mme. de Staël to talk to me forever."

A Bit of a Bull.

One day an Irishman was asked to come to work an hour earlier than usual. This he promised to do. Next morning he was an hour late.

"Shure, sor, I should have been no good if Oi'd come as I was fast asleep."

Reversed.

"Yes," remarked the race horse, "all my achievements have been due simply to putting my best foot forward."

"Yes?" replied the mule. "Now, I find that I accomplish most by putting my best foot backward."—Philadelphia Press.

People who have little knowledge are always willing to scatter that little as far as they can.—Chicago Record-Herald.

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Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. E. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Shultz.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Secty of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Doutou, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Shinbonemboning.
State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean Smethport; R. P. Ridgway, Bradford.
District Attorney—Chas. H. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Treasurer—S. E. Heth, Smethport.
Coroner—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Surveyor—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Duffin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engelhart, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—J. F. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; J. W. Walz, L. W. Workley, G. H. Downing, F. L. Sherburne, E. E. Heath, H. H. Sisse.
Justice—H. C. Gleason.
Constable—U. L. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Campbell, sec'y; W. F. Specht, treas.; John B. Eastman, H. H. Caldwell, John Clark.
Collector—H. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. H. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Robin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, F. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SANDFORD L. FRY, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 384, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
BURDETTE S. BAYLE, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 1273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month and p. m. in the Odd Follows Hall.
R. F. WRIGHT, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. B. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
Miss. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 33, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. CORNELIUS, Pres.
JENNIE EISENBACHER, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 13, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
Mrs. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
Mrs. ELLA MOONEHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday, Warrior's degree 2nd Monday. Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. AUBRY, S
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of E.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth Leagues at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 7 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday 1st 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 3:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in German Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday, and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Woman's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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FRUITFUL

Byron Williams.

SAID HE.

"You are the apple of my eye—
Such glowing cheeks, such lustrous hair—
Come with me to the preacher man,
And we will make a lovely pear!

"Your velvet cheek is like the peach,
Your heart like sap that's turned to wine!
Come, let it be the currant news
That you will be my clinging vine!"

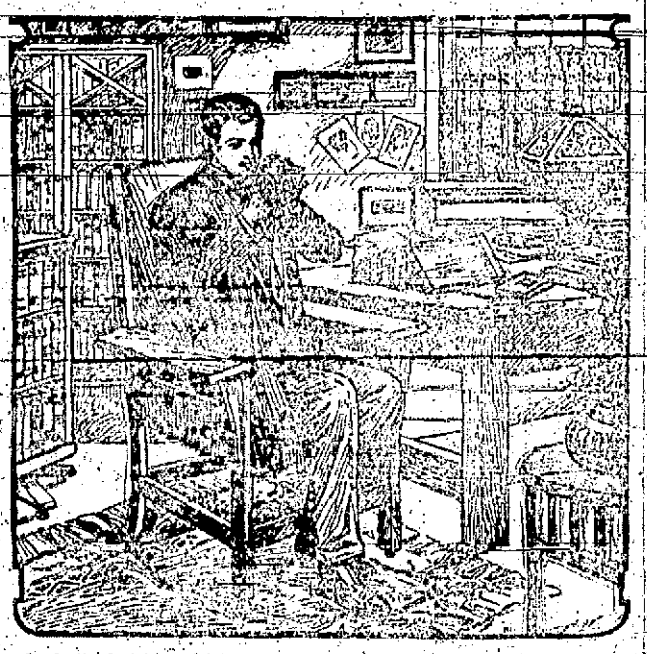
SAID SHE.

"If you are plum in your remarks
And good at raisin' rent when due
I might consider such a date
And wear my orange blooms for you!

"'Tis true, I like your cherry way
And care at least a fig, I fear,
If you will be my lemon tree,
I'll be your huckleberry, dear!"

A MESSAGE

Byron Williams.



Go forth, O dainty violet,
Unto a maid most tender,
And there upon her fancy breast
Breathe softly love I send her!

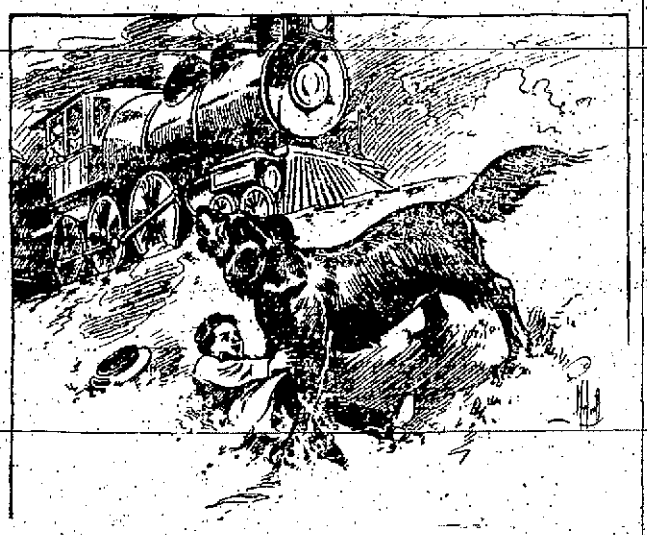
Breathe softly as you die of bliss,
And tell her, blossom, tell her this:
I love her lips, her hair, her eyes;
I hold her love a Paradise
In which I fain would be the king
And she the queen of everything!

Go forth, O dainty violet,
And take my message to her;
And as you die upon her breast,
Be satisfied to woo her!

I, too, would die upon her breast
If living for her were not best!
Good-by! Remember that you cost
Two dollars, and just missed the frost!
Go forth and give grim Fate a whirl—
I've simply GOT to have that girl!

ROVER

Byron Williams.



Yisterday I went to play down to Grandma Perry's.
In her yard there's apples, too, and gist heaps of cherries!
There is lots of things to do down to my grandmother's;
There is jolly boys and girls and they all have brothers.
We play "Injun" and then "cars" and we romp with Rover.
Running through the pasture bars clear out in the clover!

Rover is the bestest dog! He won't bite nor scratch you,
And if you will hide and call, he will come and catch you.
When the baby pulls his tail, he don't growl nor huthin'—
You gist listen to me now and I'll tell you suthin':
Once when I was ofle small—gist a little feller,
I got lost upon the track; Rover heard me beller!

Down the rails the fast express come like rolling thunder—
In a minute more, I guess, I'd be crushed right under!
Gracious, ma gits ofle white every time it's mentioned;
Grandpap says that when he dies Rover shall be pensioned.
When the cars comed rumbling down, Rover jumped and grabbed me
And the train went flying past that had tried to nab me!

Sometimes ma comes down with me—down to Grandma Perry's,
And the first thing that SHE does ain't to pick the cherries.
She gist gits the cookie jar and she hunts for Rover.
It don't make no diffrunce where, she gist hunts all over!
Then she pats him ofle soft! One time I gist tell her
At she likes him better'n me—that old sheggy feller!

Subscribe for the MIRROR

A Matrimonial Importation.

By JENNIE LUDLUM LEE.

Copyrighted, 1903, by Associated Literary Press.

Earle Scott arrived at the pier just as the giant steamship docked. He appeared to be looking for no particular person, but, rather, to search the faces of the crowds about him. Some one tapped him on the arm.

"Are you one of those horrid men?" a rather tired voice inquired.

Scott turned and smiled at the girl beside him.

"Well, I certainly am a man," he acknowledged, "and I guess I'm about as horrible as most of my sex."

"Oh, I didn't mean—I beg your pardon," stammered the girl. "I meant were you a customs official? You see, I'm"—

He scanned the girl's face closely. Could she be up to the old game of smuggling? More than one official had been tricked by a pair of honest eyes, and Scott had just acknowledged that he was but a mere man. The girl certainly had a fascinating personality. Scott informed her that he was not a customs official, but offered to be of any assistance to her.

"Oh, thank you so much," she exclaimed as she hurriedly glanced about her. "I want a cab to take me to that address," and she handed him a visiting card. "No one has met me, and, oh, I must get away before he comes off the boat."

"I understand," assured Scott, though in reality he did not. "Want to shake some landsman aboard ship?"

"It's not exactly that—he's a dear, but—oh, if you will just get me a cab that will solve the whole problem."

A cabman was found who agreed to take the girl to her destination for a nominal fee, and as Scott closed the door upon his mysterious companion she leaned forward through the window.

"Won't you tell me your name and I'll have my uncle write and thank you?" she inquired.

He drew a card from his wallet and pencilled it to her. Aloud she read the address in trembling voice: "Mr. Earle Courtney Scott, Harlequin Club."

"Won't you write, Isabel?" Earle suggested, but the cabman had cabs whipped up his horse and her answer was lost.

Scott lazily returned to the pier, where he found Earle, who was waiting. "Where is the girl you were talking to?" he asked. "Has she gone? Did you find out who she is?" After the first greetings the old gentleman clapped his son on the shoulder.

"Well, by Jove, I've brought you a fine present this year, a rare prize." Then, glancing about the ship and the crowd below them, he added: "But I think the little minx has slipped off."

That evening at Father and son sat chatting over their coffee and cigars the old gentleman announced:

"Earle, I brought a wife home for you, came over in the ship with me."

Earle paused somewhat startled.

"May I ask, did, if you have married again, or is this matrimonial importation for me to take unto myself?"

"Oh, for you—for you," said the old man gleefully. "And we're going around right now to see her. Here's where she is. Her uncle, old John Banks, is a great friend of mine."

He passed the card over to Earle. The latter had held the mate to it in the morning. Smiling to himself, Earle agreed, thinking that the mysterious girl was well worth knowing better. All day long innumerable pictures of her had flitted through his mind. He would be glad to know the truth.

When father and son were announced, John Banks and his niece entered the room full of hearty greetings, but the young couple gave no outward sign of recognition. Before long the two elder men found that comfort awaited them in the library in the form of duplicate whisky and good cigars.

Earle noted that Edith Hamilton was somewhat ill at ease, but made little headway in solving the problem that evening. When he left the house, however, he had to acknowledge to himself that the girl was charming in the extreme. He asked permission to call again.

"And, by the way, Miss Hamilton, I don't have to drag father along every time, do I?" he asked in mock deference.

On the way home that evening the father went into something of an explanation.

"There's an old fashioned girl for you, Earle. Like your mother was as a girl. Nothing deceitful about her—right in the open—everything straight from the shoulder. I talked a lot about you on the trip over and told her she was just the type of girl you were looking for—that we needed her sort to round out our home. She's been in school for years over in France and now has come to keep house for Banks. How did she strike you?"

"As a most deceitful, deep young person," announced Earle, with great emphasis. Yet in his heart he really felt that the apparent deceit only added to her charms.

Earle became a frequent visitor at the Banks household. He had the name of a heartless bachelor among his club mates. Women in general had made little impression on him, but he had to acknowledge to himself that he loved this girl with all his power, and his power was a great one. He wanted her and would leave no stone unturned to win her. And the evening came when he told her of his love and asked her to be his wife.

"Oh, I wish you had not asked me Mr. Scott, I couldn't, really I couldn't," was her insistent plea. "Just let's go on being friends."

The big man seemed to shiver. It was very much in earnest, but he took her refusal like the man he was.

As he sat at his desk the next morning idly dreaming of dreams gone wrong his telephone bell rang. It was Edith Hamilton at the other end of the wire. She asked him in most unsteady voice to come over that evening—that she had some sort of an explanation to make. Sharply at 8 o'clock Scott was in the drawing room. As she entered the room her face bore a sad expression, yet withal she was radiantly beautiful to Earle.

"Little girl!" Scott almost whispered as she came toward him. She seemed a saintly being, far beyond his reach. "I love you—you know that, don't you?"

"Yes, Earle, I believe you do," she whispered as she sank into a chair near him. "That is why I sent for you. Something seemed to tell it to me after you left. I want to tell you something. The day I met you on the pier I wanted to escape your father before he came on shore. We had joked about my marrying his son, and when the time came when I must actually face you I hurried away to escape the meeting."

"And I thought you were running away from the customs officials," laughed Scott.

"Well, in part I was. You see, I brought over a lot of real lace and smuggled it in. I had sewed yards and yards of it on a cheap petticoat which I had on at the time."

For a moment they both laughed heartily, then again the serious expression came into Edith's face.

"It was all started in a joke," she continued. "But when I had actually met you and"—here her voice dropped almost to a whisper—"and loved you I was afraid that you were asking me just to please your father."

"Do I look like such a mollycoddle?" asked Earle as he drew closer to her.

"No, dear, you are a man and I am glad. Then I couldn't sleep for the very joy of thinking that perhaps [illegible] you really did love me for myself alone. Do you, Earle?"

For answer Earle took her in his arms.

"You're a dreadful little wretch," he [illegible] "but I love you and for your self-accommodation [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

Angles.

By LULU JOHNSON.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

"Keep still, Jack. I'll take your picture."

Ethel Deane pointed her camera at her brother, there was a click, and, with an "All right," she wound off the film.

"I'll send you a post card as soon as it's developed," she added. "I'm sorry that I didn't take one of you when you came. You'd make a great 'before and after' picture for the hotel advertisements. I declare Agnes won't know you when you get back, you've grown so stout and handsome."

Her big brother smiled at the compliment, and Ethel clicked the camera again.

"That will make a good advertisement for a dentist," she commented. "I wish I could smile like that."

"You could," insinuated her brother, "if you were as happy as I am."

"Back to home and Agnes!" scoffed Ethel. "Here comes your train, Jack. I'm sorry you have to go. This little vacation has done you a world of good."

Deane kissed his sister goodby and swung on to the train, glad to get out of the press of the station platform and into the comfortable wicker chair in the Pullman smoker. He was sorry his vacation was over. He had worked hard for two years and needed the rest. He was going back to Agnes Weston, and a tender smile played about his lips as he drew a tiny leather case from his pocket and glanced at the picture within. It was one of Ethel's snapshots, but the girl was clever with the camera, and she had caught more of the personality of her subject than a professional could have done.

"It will only be a few days now, little woman," Jack whispered to the photograph. "I'll be in town tomorrow, and Sunday week you'll be there too. It's some comfort even to be nearer to you."

He slipped the case back in his pocket and reddened as he saw a man

INSISTED ON GOING HOME IN A CAB.

across the aisle watching him with an amused smile. The man's lips were puckered, and above the roar and rattle of the train Jack caught the shrill notes of "The Girl I Left Behind."

He smiled at the man's mistake for Ethel's kiss and then [illegible]. The stranger, however, could not know that she was only his sister and that the train was bringing him nearer to the girl whose photograph was in the case.

There was no formal engagement between Jack and Agnes Weston, but an understanding existed that when his salary was increased there would be an announcement. The raise had come in the shape of promotion while he was on vacation. A letter had told him that on his return he would sit at the superintendent's desk. He wanted to start back at once and tell Agnes of his good fortune, but he had sacrificed his vacation last year in his struggle for advancement, and he needed the rest. Agnes had gone to visit relatives in a distant resort, and Ethel wisely persuaded him to stay.

Now he was on his way to town, and in another week Agnes would join him. He could then put the question, to which the answer seemed assured.

It was a trying week. Had it not been that Jack was busy getting the angles of his new position he would have jumped on a train and headed for the west, as no letter had come from Agnes during the latter part of the week. He telephoned her mother to learn the time of her expected arrival.

Jack was at the station when the train rolled in, but the greeting chilled him. In place of the sunny smile the girl was coldly formal. She addressed him as "Mr. Deane" and insisted upon going home alone in a cab.

Deane was in despair. He could not argue with her in the station, and not until after dinner did he go to the house for an interview.

The explanation was simple in the extreme. Agnes declared that she no longer loved him; that she was glad she had discovered his true character before it was too late. More than that she would not say. After a brief half hour Jack gave up and left the house to pace the streets and dumbly wonder what had happened to make so great a change in his life.

Perhaps when Ethel returned she might be able to find out. It was obvious that Jack could offer no explanation when he was not conscious of having given offense, and it was with leaden feet that he sought his home and tumbled into bed to toss until dawn.

Haggard and hollow eyed, he rose for breakfast and made a pretense of going through the meal. He was idly sipping his coffee when the maid handed him a thick letter from Ethel.

There was the promised post card, with the crowd as a background. There was also another card showing him looking down with a tender smile into the eyes of a girl whose ardent glance was even more fervid than his own.

The girl was an entire stranger to him, and Jack wondered by what trick of photography Ethel had brought about the result. He knew how she delighted in performing the seemingly impossible, so he turned to the letter for explanation.

"Dear Jack," he read, "do you remember that I promised to get even with you for playing that joke on Ben Drummond and me? I guess I've done it. I am inclosing one of the postals I promised. That silly little Bedford girl was standing right behind you when you smiled that silly smile because I told you how handsome you were. From the angle at which I stood it looked as though you were smiling at her and she was making moon eyes at you instead of Dick Odell. Dick is just off the edge of the film. I sent one of these to Agnes on Monday, and, unless I am very much mistaken, you did not enjoy your Sunday. Let this be a lesson to you not to play tricks on your affectionate sister. P. S.—I am sending this same explanation to Agnes."

In an unlucky moment Jack had rendered Ethel and her latest adorer ridiculous. Ethel had sworn to be revenged, but Jack had paid little attention to the threats. Now he could understand what Agnes meant when she said she knew him for what he really was.

He hurried from the house to the telephone station and called up Agnes Weston.

"This is Jack," he explained over the wire. "Did you get a letter from Ethel?"

"I might have known that it was one of Ethel's jokes," came the response.

"And is it all right? May I come around tonight?"

"As long as that?" came in tender tones. "Why can't I meet you and have lunch with you at that little place where you take me. There's a jeweler right around the corner."

The telephone girl laughed at the fervent "darling," which was all the answer Agnes neglect. Telephone girls are used to such things, but the telegrapher laughed loudly as he took Jack's message to Ethel from the wire.

"Agnes will surely use despite your camera. You can't photograph the wedding, but try to get the proper angle of you'll have to be married to some one else."

"I did have the proper angle," exclaimed Ethel to Ben Drummond.

"Sure enough," assented Drummond as he tilted the piquant face to the proper angle of forty-five degrees. "Let's arrange that they will have a double wedding."

Ethel could not be expected to reply with Drummond's lips against hers, but her assent was not necessary. They had arranged all that beforehand.

Of Use After All.

It happened once upon a time that a man who felt that he was of no use in the world decided to commit suicide. "I will hie home," he said, "and there kill myself. I am of no use to anybody, and it will be best." So he hied home and found his wife gone. "I will cut my throat," he said, and hunted up the butcher knife. But he slashed and hacked and slashed his throat, and the knife was so dull he couldn't penetrate his skin. Then he tried the bread knife, and it was duller than the butcher knife. "I will hit myself on the head with the ax," he said, but he looked and looked and couldn't find the ax. Finally he found the handle, but the head was lost. "I will try the scissors," he said, but after he found the scissors wouldn't cut thread he had to give it up. Then a bright thought struck him. He would become of some use to the family by sharpening the knives and scissors. He did so and is now loved more than most men. And his wife, with knives that will cut and scissors sharp enough to cut thread, is the happiest woman in her neighborhood.—Atchison Globe.

Asbestus Mining.

Asbestus, popularly known as "mineral wool," is a compound of silica, lime, magnesia and oxide of iron and is probably the most curious natural product in existence. Being composed of fine fibers, it can be spun and woven into cloth, indestructible by fire, which renders it invaluable in many of the arts.

Mining is carried on by cutting down the hills of asbestus bearing serpentine, much as a farmer cuts down a stack of hay or straw, or by open quarrying on the level.

The rock is blasted out, and the asbestus, separated from the containing rock, is "cobbed"—that is, separated by hammering from inferior foreign matter. The cobbing is comparatively easy in the case of the finer quality, as it usually separates readily from the other minerals which the ore contains, but in the lower grades much difficulty is experienced in separating the fibrous matter from the nonfibrous.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Made It Clear.

A Scottish blacksmith, being asked the meaning of metaphysics, replied: "When the party wha listens disna ken what the party wha speaks means, and when the party wha speaks disna ken what he means himsel', that's metaphysics."—Dundee Advertiser.

Quite Enough.

"I should think you'd go slow," said the cautious friend. "You know, as Lincoln said, 'you can fool all the people some of the time and some of the people'"—

"That's all right," interrupted the sharper, "but I find it's always possible to fool enough of the people enough of the time."—Philadelphia Press.

The Worst of It.

Suffragette Lecturer—Yes, my sisters, man has tyrannized over us, oppressed us, abused us, maltreated us, scorned us, ridiculed us, and— Ancient Maiden (in audience)—Yes, and, what is worse, he never married us.—Kansas City Independent.

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